- Jonathan Rowe on Jimmy the Greek
- Timothy Noah on Michael Deaver
- Katharine Graham on David Brinkley
- Suzannah Lessard on Lewis Lapham

The Washington Monthly

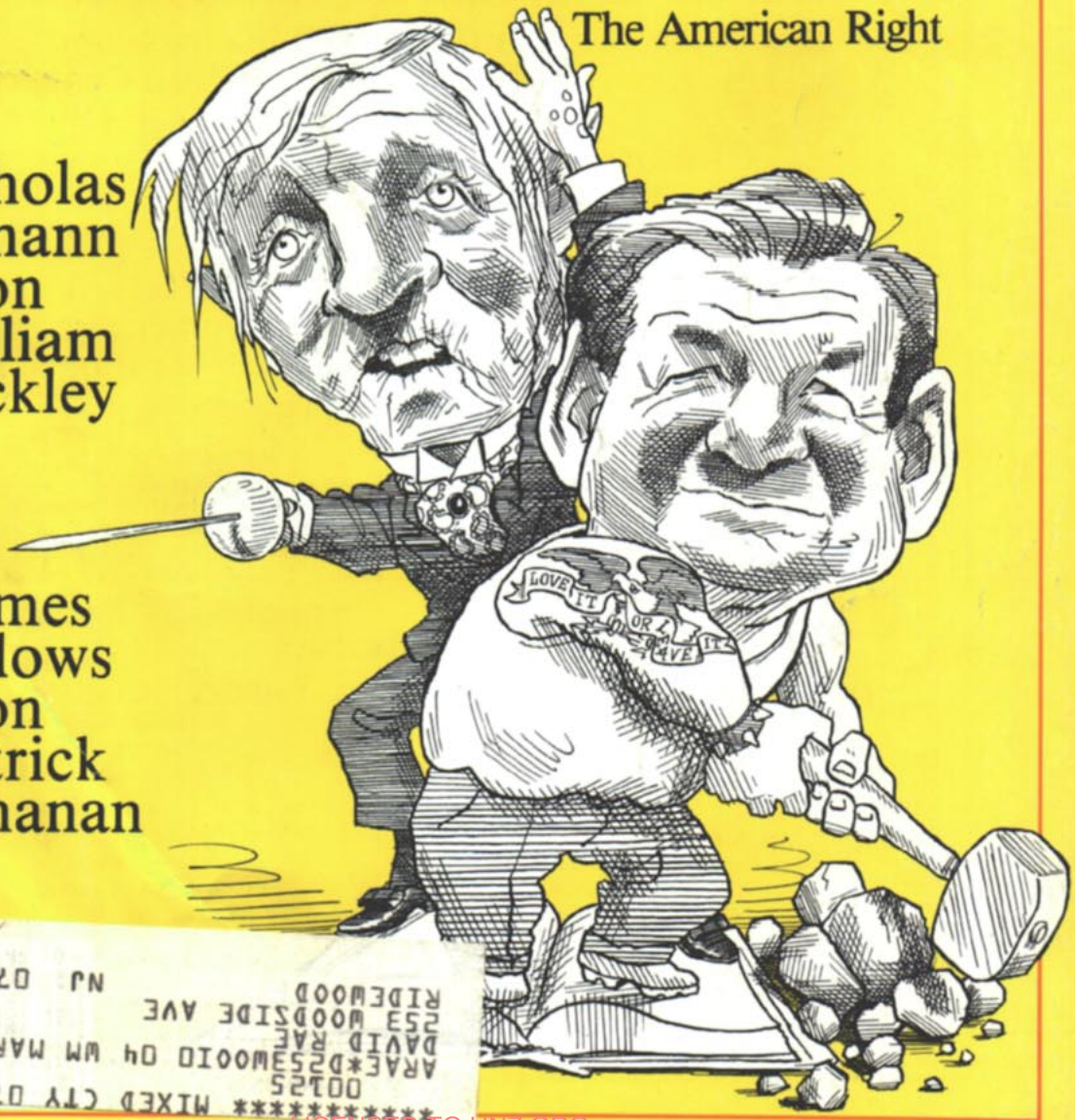
APRIL 1988/$3.00

SNOBS AND SLOBS:

The American Right

Nicholas Lemann on William Buckley

James Fallows on Patrick Buchanan



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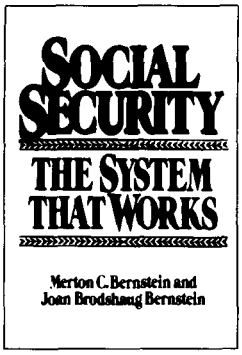

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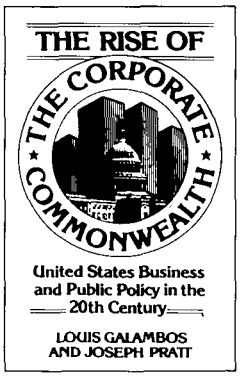

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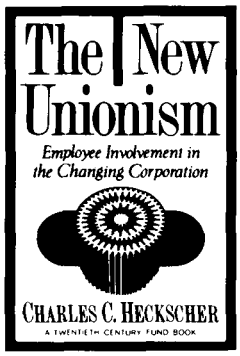

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LETTERS

Highway to heaven

I'm beginning to wonder about the accuracy of your publication. In the last issue ["Tilting at Windmills," February] you told about a sharp increase in traffic fatalities in states that have raised their speed limits to 65. Yet I read in *Car and Driver* that only New Mexico has shown an increase—admittedly a sharp one—that the others have gone down, and that the states that retain the 55 mph limit have shown a small increase in deaths.

I wonder whether you have much education in statistics. You can't use partial figures like this to prove much. In Massachusetts, the seat belt law was repealed, to the accompaniment of warnings and lamentations. Result? Traffic deaths have decreased. Does that prove that seat belts cause deaths? Of course not. But neither do the figures on states with higher speed limits.

A whole generation has grown up thinking the middle lane is the travel lane and 55 mph is the proper speed. It's sort of like those horror tales of 50 years ago about how reefer made you a wild killer: a fiction put out by the government.

But I suppose it's part of your reliance on the state to make people do what you think they should.

RICHARD LOTRECK
Natick, Massachusetts

I was disappointed to see you succumb to a rather inaccurate statement regarding the 65 mph speed limit. Do you accept any statistic that comes across your desk? The two states' initial statistics (New Mexico and California) are anything but solid evidence to back up your statement that "...traffic fatalities have increased by more than 50 percent." California's are up, but proportionately to the increase in traffic volume. Fatalities per passenger mile on interstates is the statistic you should look for.

If you really think "55 saves lives," why don't you propose a speed limit of 25 mph?

This country is voting with its right foot—55 mph is a joke.

CHARLES R. COTE
Burlington, North Carolina

Charles Peters replies:

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration compiled fatality statistics from May to July of 1987 from 22 of the first 38 states to increase speed limits to 65 mph. Fatalities were up 46½ percent. The NHTSA warned the report was inconclusive and did not account for variables such as increased car sales or DWI offenses. NHTSA will soon release a more thorough report expected to show a considerably lower increase in fatalities. However, Mr. Lotreck and the writers of *Car and Driver* should be aware of the following:

Not only New Mexico but Arizona (19 deaths in 1986 up to 51 in 1987), California (64 to 94), Louisiana (8 to 31), and Wyoming (5 to 15) had fatality increases. As for fatality rates going down, only Montana (16 down to 7) and Oklahoma (23 to 13) had noticeable decreases.

Means tests are for meanies

It was a surprise and a delight to find *The Life of the Party* included among your 1987 Book Awards and to read your (qualified) praise in Matthew Cooper's review ["Stop Pandering to the Middle Class," March].

I'd like to try once more to convince you and your readers that the *Monthly*'s hobby horse about cutting middle class entitlements is misconceived. When a European socialist sees a rich man with a big house, his impulse is to take away the house. When an American liberal sees the house, he concludes that everybody should have one. Liberalism, American style, is the idea that conservative perquisites should be diffused, not abolished.

As a matter of practical politics, this is possible only when government serves the broad middle class. This is what was accomplished by the Homestead acts, the GI Bill, FHA loans, and Medicare. All of this is not "bribing the middle class." It is building community and social solidarity via inclusion in a common society. There are simply not enough liberal voters motivated primarily by social consciences to build a majority politics around pure redistribution. The coalition has to include the poor, the working class, and the non-wealthy middle class.

It is ironic that in the same issue where you criticized me as a soft-on-the-middle-class populist, you praised Bob Greenstein's Center on Budget and Policy Priorities as a splendid public interest group. Greenstein understands better than anyone that means testing is a slippery slope, and the Center fights hard to preserve and expand the principle of universalism. Contrary to Cooper, the problem with means testing is not "hurt feelings." Qualifying for a program limited to poor people is a nightmare. It not only requires you to empty your bank account and share details of your love life. It requires you to stay poor in order to keep getting the benefit.

On the whole, I revere the *Monthly*. I like its idealism, its fine reporting, its even-handed indignation about bureaucratic excess, public and private, military and corporate. But unfortunately you continue to indulge this belief that middle class entitlements are evil, while at the same time professing to cherish a politics of inclusion. You can't have it both ways. Charlie Peters is a persuasive editor, and as such he has miseducated a whole generation of neoliberal writers who learned their craft and their politics from him. Please, group, think this through again.

ROBERT KUTTNER
Brookline, Massachusetts

Mr. Kuttner is the author of The Life of the Party: Democratic Prospects in 1988 and Beyond, *Viking.*

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Country boy from Oakland

Thank you for the excellent article on the California tort liability compromise ["Frank Fat's Napkin," Paul Glastris, December]. I thought you might be interested in a part of the story that came to light recently.

According to documents filed with the California secretary of state, on the first working day after the compromise was rushed through both legislative houses, the Tobacco Institute gave "campaign contributions" totaling $23,750 to 16 legislators.

Also, the Tobacco Institute's lobbying expenses for 1987 are more than triple what they were in each of the previous four years. The cigarette lobby paid $345,000 to a lobbying firm during the first three quarters of 1987, second only to a $415,000 fee paid by the insurance industry trade association.

Money and policy-making are so intertwined in California that sometimes we lose perspective of how bad things really are. Your article strengthened our resolve.

BOB SHIREMAN
San Francisco, California

Mr. Shireman is a policy analyst for Consumers Union.

Well, I'm sure flattered! Your magazine ran an article on my SB 241, the California liability reform bill. That's a real honor for a country boy from Oakland.

Frankly, I'd thought we'd worked a minor miracle, getting everyone to agree to a package that would cut the civil calendar, provide some relief from unreasonable claims, and a basis for further cooperation, maybe even insurance reform. You figured it was all a big scam to get the tobacco companies off the hook when they get sued by chain smokers. Sure surprised me. If it's true, I may move to North Carolina and run for the U.S. Senate.

Of course, your article got a few things wrong. It said our bill raised the standard of proof an injured person must meet to obtain damages. It actually raised the standard just for punitive damages, which are extraordinary in the first place.

The article said the insurance companies won relief from threatened regulation. Somebody should tell that to all the various business and legal groups that have proposed seven separate insurance initiatives for the next ballot. The government remains free to regulate, legislators are free to propose regulation.

What you really liked, though, was the idea that we'd written a comprehensive liability reform package on a napkin in a restaurant—Frank Fat's. In reality, the compromise was negotiated over the course of a year. Every element of the bill had been heard in various committees, and consumer groups participated actively in modifying various provisions.

The creation of a category of unsafe consumable products which enjoy a certain immunity, already a standard in a majority of states, was done in order to relieve the pressure of interminable lawsuits involving products known to be dangerous by anyone who's been on the planet longer than a week. We took these steps

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to hold off an initiative fight that might really have mangled the civil justice system.

We in California were glad that the *Monthly* got it all out in the open—how the legislature tried to do the right thing and got snookered by the doctors, the lawyers, the insurance companies, and the Tobacco Institute because the Consumers Union wasn't in the restaurant that night to save the day. I'm left with a few press clippings, an American Express bill from Frank Fat's, 36 cartons of Kool 100's, and this stupid napkin. Guess the whole thing wasn't such a good idea after all.

BILL LOCKYER
Sacramento, California

State Senator Lockyer is chairman of the California legislature's committee on the judiciary.

Paul Glastris replies:

The tone of the senator's letter is one of wounded sarcasm, as if it is cruel even to question the high civic purpose of his bill. That's chutzpah. According to the Consumers Union, the senator's campaign fund accepted a $1,000 contribution from the Tobacco Institute before the bill passed and $1,250 from Phillip Morris afterward.

My argument was not that Sen. Lockyer and his colleagues "tried to do the right thing" but "got snookered" by the tobacco companies and other powerful interests. I made a simpler and less charitable case: that the senator and the legislature rubber-stamped a rotten bill written by those interests.

The rationalizations the senator offers in his letter for why he sponsored the bill are all dealt with in my article. I never said he wrote a "comprehensive reform package" on the napkin, only the outline of a "non-aggression pact," which consumer groups neither signed nor approved of. As the senator surely knows, the consumer groups launched the latest round of insurance reform initiatives; "business and legal" groups then followed suit.

More beef

Phillip Keisling complains that the Democratic presidential candidates can't identify the issues and then, with chutzpah, does it for them ["Here's the Beef," January]. He seems to have picked the answers and then gone back to write the questions.

Particularly wide of its mark is his attempt to identify what's wrong with public education. Anyone with experience in a public school in the past ten years can testify that the issue is not teacher quality. Granted, the best college students don't choose teacher education, but those who do must pass initial screening in the form of internships and interviews, a continual staff development program, and annual evaluations. All merit pay would do would be to further politicize a bureaucracy that is overburdened with self-serving administrators.

The issue is compulsory education, not teacher

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quality. If eighth-graders were given an option of whether to go on to high school or not, a high school education might have meaning. I suspect that many eighth-graders who chose to leave would, after a year or two of the work available to them, apply for entry to high schools with gratifyingly mature attitudes.

We should also consider charging a token tuition for public schooling. Not much, maybe $100 a year at first, but enough to impress upon both students and parents that what they are getting is not of little value.

Give teachers a chance to teach; they won't object if we relieve them of their babysitting chores.

WILLIAM A. GOLD
Northhampton, Massachusetts

The trouble with tourists

You have been snookered by the anti-Israel mania flared by the American media. In "Tilting at Windmills" [January], you condemned Israel for throwing out Mubarak Awad, an American rabble-rouser. Awad is not a peacemonger, much less a devotee of Gandhi. He is an American in Israel on a tourist visa. A sovereign nation has the right to expel troublemakers who have overstayed their visas.

Why condemn the Israelis but not the Palestinians? The untold story in Israel is how the media have slanted their stories against Israel. American reporters ascribe political sophistication and purity to gangs of teenaged Palestinians. Journalists explain that riots are the combustion of occupation as if Palestinians have no free will. The danger is that good people like you pick up and believe the slanted information coming out of Israel.

DANIEL L. LEVIN
Whiting, Indiana

The blessings of bamboo

This is to commend, enthusiastically, the article by Jason DeParle ["The Slum Behind the Sheraton," December].

However, the slum dwellers constitute a minority of the Philippine masses, and while some of them have come recently from rural areas, they are not representative of the vast majority of Filipinos who remain dispersed over the many islands of the Philippine archipelago.

The relative contentment of these slum dwellers should be evaluated in the context of Philippine traditions, as exemplified in President Roxas's remark to me, in 1945: "The blessings of the Philippines: climate, coconuts, and bamboo, were also curses," since they vitiated economic motivation.

The article would also be enriched by an analysis of the extraordinary separation between the "upper classes" and the masses, exacerbated by genetic differences. While the poor are mostly "pure-blooded" Malay, the rich are largely the product of extremely mixed blood. The distance is also enhanced by linguistic separation: While the poor speak Tagalog or other "native" languages, the rich used to speak Spanish and now are quite used to English.

WILLIAM EXTON, JR.
New York, New York

A night at the opera

A writer who describes the ballet or opera as "anodyne," meaning, apparently, deadening, says much about her own development ["Nell's Place," Polly Toynbee, January]. While Toynbee does not specifically say that ballet and opera put her to sleep, she suggests that their survival is a matter of little interest. If today a friend excitedly called her to meet for lunch and there announced a big break, a chance to perform on stage, Polly Toynbee might share the sacrifice, the dedication, the love, the aches, the hopes of the men and women in ballet and opera.

Anodyne says more about Toynbee than about causes, large or small. Toynbee's statement shows an anodyne spirit. We are to believe that she has been everywhere, seen everything; nothing in the Big Apple can move her any more.

The excluded, standing in the dim shadows behind the red velvet ropes, may have a presentiment of a void. Toynbee, the observer, apparently shares with them more than she knows.

DENZIL WALTERS
Seattle, Washington

Remember the Alamodome

John Barnes's "Home Sweet Dome" [February] overlooks the multi-purpose nature of domed stadiums. Football—and sports for that matter—is one component. Income can be realized from conventions, trade shows, religious rallies, thrill shows, and more.

In San Antonio, we are voting in 1988 on a half percent sales tax increase over the next five years to finance a 65,000-seat facility, estimated to cost $160 million. This approach provides a prudent way to have a stadium built, paid for, and debt-free in five years. The proposed facility is projected to start paying its own way by the third year even without a National Football League franchise as a tenant.

Add it up and this is much larger than a sports issue. Economic growth and progress are at stake. Mr. Barnes is right about cities wanting them. Domed stadiums mean more jobs, revenues, business starts, and a stronger tax base.

JIM ESKIN
San Antonio, Texas

Mr. Eskin is executive director of San Antonians for a Major Sports Complex.

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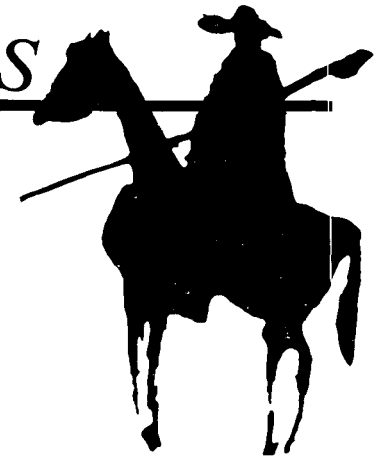
TILTING AT WINDMILLS



How does the CIA pay off its informants in Morocco? According to a reliable source, who has served in our embassy in Rabat, it is with pornographic video cassettes....

For those of you who can't decide which of your principles comes first, the *Utne Reader* of March-April 1988 offers this solution:

"Ecofeminism Is an Idea Whose Time Has Come."...

An advertisement for *Redbook* magazine depicts the ideal *Redbook* woman. Among the items on her resume is that she is the mother of a "pre-school valedictorian."...

The Mercedes ad in *Columbia Journalism Review* I wrote about last month has been followed by a four-page ad in CJR's current issue for the new Lincoln Continental: "Once again, world-class luxury." If you wonder how journalists can afford such things, you should know that those who work for the major papers and magazines can, with a reasonably well-employed spouse, enjoy a household income of more than $100,000. If the spouse happens to work in television, they can buy the Continental and the Mercedes....

Albert Gore's endorsement before the Norfolk shipyard workers of the two new aircraft carriers he had sensibly voted against last April was a part of his determined campaign to pass Richard Gephardt in the race for leadership in ideological quick-changes.

But if it is true that Gore and Gephardt change their ideas a bit too quickly, the problem with Michael Dukakis may be that he has no ideas to change. After a recent meeting with Dukakis, Jimmy Carter told reporters: "I think there's a great deal of compatibility between my basic attitude toward government and that of Governor Dukakis." Carter, for those too young to remember, was a conscientious manager without ideology or program....

What are we going to do about the explosion of illegal drugs and the addiction, corruption, and murder they breed? Legalize them. It won't stop the addiction, but it will stop the corruption and the murder. This corruption is no longer a matter of a few crooked cops but of the military, police, judicial, and banking systems of entire nations. The enormous profits that can be made in drugs are too tempting to resist. As a result, drugs are a major source of corruption in well over a dozen countries in Asia and the Americas. Here in Washington we read headlines like "Area's Justice System Teeters Under Weight of Drug Cases."

By taking the money out of drugs, legalization could cure all this overnight. As for the murders, most are not committed by drug-crazed addicts in a desperate search for money for another fix. In fact, almost all are committed by drug dealers motivated by greed. Remove the money motive and those murders stop. The few murders committed by addicts for money would stop with legalization because the drugs would then be cheap. Yes, I know we'll still have addicts. But we'll be a lot better off than we are now.

Prohibition didn't work against alcohol. It wouldn't work against cigarettes. And it will never work against drugs. It just produces a lot of other problems on which we waste immense effort in futile attempts to solve. We would be wiser to concentrate all that effort on helping addicts kick the habit and in convincing people that it is stupid to experiment with addictive substances. We have had some success in doing this with alcohol and tobacco in recent years. It is our best hope with drugs.

By the way, when you start thinking about legalization, you realize one thing you definitely would not allow would be advertising that made drugs seem glamorous.

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Why then do we permit such advertising of alcohol and cigarettes?...

There is a new trend toward luxury in today's hospitals. "We're noted for outstanding work in surgery, cardiology, trauma, and interior design," reads the headline on a current advertisement for the Washington Hospital Center. The copy continues, "Fingertip-controlled draperies. Designer wall-covering. Thick carpeting. Spacious rooms that can be customized to accommodate your family or your business needs. Plus gourmet meals prepared to your liking."

The trouble is that while you may be able to control the draperies, you can't seem to find a doctor or a nurse when you need one. A friend of mine tells of recently being in a hospital because of an ailment that among other things left him unable to speak above a whisper.

One night, seized by terrible pain, he urgently pushed the nurse's button on his bedside table. A voice on the intercom said "What is it?" His whisper went unheard as the question was repeated several times and then the intercom went off. He buzzed once more, the whole routine was gone through once more, only this time before the intercom went dead, he heard the voice at the other end say, "Who does that guy think he's kidding?"...

While I was attending the 40th reunion of my high school class a few years ago, there was a memorial service for the members of the class who had died. I noticed that a disproportionate number were athletes, and I later learned from friends that nearly half of the starters on the football team were dead. At the time I labeled this nothing more than a bizarre coincidence.

Now comes a study of former National Football League players that shows more than coincidence was involved. The average age at death of a group of players from the twenties was 77.4; from the thirties, 64.2; and from my era, the forties, 58.3.

These hard-to-believe figures contrast dramatically with the generally improving life expectancy of the rest of us. And in this era of concrete-hard artificial turf and 300-pound linemen, the situation promises to get a lot worse. Maybe we should abolish tackle football and play the two-hand touch version instead. Perhaps because I was smaller than the other boys in my neighborhood, I thought it was a much better game anyway....

Speaking of my high school classmates, one, Chuck Gardner, is now the mayor of Charleston. Not long ago he decided to do something that I bet few mayors do. He took a careful look at the city's phone bill. He and an aide found that the city was being billed for some 400 lines. They began dialing the numbers. They found lines to a former mayor's home, to a suburban high-rise apartment, to schools that had been closed

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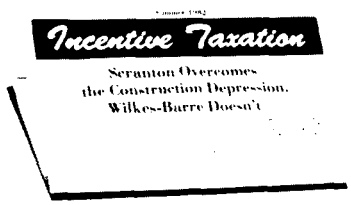

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for years—110 lines that either weren't being used at all or certainly not for city business. They got a refund of $77,604 from the telephone company. . . .

How do we get the press concerned about bureaucratic ineptitude? One way is to have the press itself suffer the consequences. Certainly my own interest in the subject has been heightened by Postal Service delays in delivering *The Washington Monthly* to our subscribers. And I detect quivering nostrils in my friend James Fallows, as he contemplates the fact that for the third straight year the IRS has claimed not to have received from him payments for which he has the canceled checks in his possession.

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But Fallows, like me, has been a critic of the bureaucracy in the past. What about all those fellows who have never been interested, like, say most of the staff of *The Washington Post*? I see hope even among them. For at last they, too, are being hurt. District of Columbia real estate assessments are going up by 13.5 percent at a time when inflation is only a third of that amount. And it appears that the increases will be greatest in the city's glitzier neighborhoods, where the affluent *Post* staff resides. Perhaps at last they will display some zeal in discovering why the District has one of the most overstaffed and inefficient city governments in the nation.

One reason reporters don't cover bureaucracy is that they think it's boring. They don't understand that people die from bureaucratic bungling. The District of Columbia ambulance service, for example, seems to specialize in getting lost while the injured expire on the sidewalks. One reason is that some bureaucrat decreed that crews should receive only two hours training in the geography of the city.

The *Post* is now on the ambulance case and some reform appears to be underway. The important next step is for the *Post* to expand that beachhead into appraisal of other parts of the bureaucracy.

For a long time the custodians of New York City's schools have been robbing the public. Some years ago someone out of a love for fancy bureaucratic terms bestowed upon them the title of custodian instead of janitor. They liked this elevated status, and they proceeded to procure salary increases appropriate to their new station in life, to the point where today they make from $40,000 to $70,000. And of course it is now beneath their dignity to clean the cafeteria floors more than once a week or to move furniture anytime.

Finally, *The New York Times* is on the custodians' case and some reform will probably take place. But again, the question is, will the *Times* expand its inquiry into other regions of the bureaucracy?

While we're getting so little service, what issues have aroused our public employees? For those on Capitol Hill, it's cafeteria prices and parking spaces. Hill workers are outraged that a hamburger with fries now costs $2.55 at the Capitol cafeterias. "This," one said, "may make Shay's Rebellion look like a day at the beach." As for parking, the East Front of the Capitol is marred by an ugly parking lot, but proposals to turn the lot into an attractive park are being vigorously resisted because the lot provides free parking for legislators and their aides. Why has there been little reporting of this matter? Because journalists get to park there, too. . . .

But my exasperation with government doesn't mean I automatically favor privatization. Private businesses can be even worse than the government. On its 4:05 p.m. Atlanta-to-Denver flight, Continental Airlines in January achieved a record of

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being late 100 percent of the time....

When I read that Klaus Fuchs, the physicist who gave A-bomb secrets to the Russians, died recently at age 76, I thought of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg. What a tragedy it was that they were electrocuted for the same crime for which Fuchs got off with just ten years in prison. I have always thought liberals were foolish to protest the Rosenbergs' conviction—they were clearly guilty—but profoundly right to protest the death penalty. It will be an eternal blot on Dwight Eisenhower's name that he didn't spare the Rosenbergs by commuting their sentence to life imprisonment, which, by the way, is the sentence I think Fuchs should have received....

One of the better examples of pure chutzpah in recent time is the attempt by the U.S. owners of ships registered under foreign flags to get our navy to escort them through the Persian Gulf. Such registry—usually under the Panamanian, Bahamian, or Liberian flag—is done to avoid hiring American crews, paying American taxes, and having to follow American safety regulations. Why, then, should sailors in the U.S. Navy risk their lives to protect these ships?...

As we have tried to recognize with our *Only in California* Department, the Golden State maintains a special place on the cutting edge of social change. The latest example is its authorization of alcohol sales in nudist camps. And UCLA has given official recognition to a lesbian sorority. (Doesn't the latter support the case for the exclusionary clubs that women and gays have rightly opposed?)....

We may have to establish another department, just to keep you abreast of those planes belonging to the Army Corps of Engineers. The most recent development is a report in *The Washington Post* that "the wife of the Army's chief of engineers accompanied her husband to more than two dozen foreign countries during the last two years aboard a U.S. Army Corps of Engineers plane." In gaining approval for his wife's presence on these trips, the general certified that she was "absolutely essential to ensure that all activities are properly planned and coordinated." On one trip to Belgium that congressional investigators managed to procure records of, it seems that her "activities" consisted solely of visiting friends and shopping for crystal.

In order to justify its planes, the Corps has spent $44,000 on a study that purports to show they are cheaper than commercial flights. The study arrived at this conclusion by assuming that Corps officials would charter a commercial aircraft the same size as a Corps plane, regardless of the number of passengers. It might have made just a bit more sense had the report compared the cost of flying per passenger on a Corps plane to the cost per passenger of tickets on a commercial airline. But if the Corps did that, the general's wife might have to buy her crystal at a local department store....

Did you see the television tape of the train running down and amputating the legs of Brian Willson, the peace activist, last fall? Incredibly, the train crew has sued Willson for the mental anguish that its members have suffered because they ran over him. My own view is that, unless the tape in some way distorted the event, the engineer and any other members of the crew who were responsible should be charged with attempted murder. There seemed to be absolutely no effort to brake the engine even though the crew must have seen Willson on the tracks and the frantic waving of spectators warning of the danger. I think that,

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by placing himself on the tracks, Willson chose a foolish way to protest an arms shipment, but I suspect the members of the crew decided to punish him for that foolishness themselves, rather than leaving it to the law....

There is good news for the wives of foreign service officers. The State Department has established, according to *The Washington Post*, "a computerized data bank that will enable U.S. embassies and consulates to match job vacancies with the education and experience and language skills of the spouses of personnel being assigned to the post." But what is good news for those wives may be bad news for the rest of us, for it is bound to lead to further slot perpetuation. What exactly is slot perpetuation? It is what happens when a job, having once been filled in the federal service, becomes a "slot" that other employees look forward to filling and plan their careers in terms of.

For example, a few years ago Smithers at our Nairobi embassy may have been overworked for a brief period. Personnel sent someone to help out temporarily. Smithers found he liked the idea of having an aide. The aide liked the post. Soon the job of deputy became a fixture. This helps explain why bureaucratic empire-building serves the interest of both the supervisor, which is well-known, and of the subordinates, which is not widely understood.

The slot becomes permanent, regardless of whether the real need for it diminishes or disappears entirely. For, if there is no longer a real need, there is a need in terms of the career plans of government employees. If the next rung on the ladder they seek to climb is the deputy's job in Nairobi, they want the slot to be there when their turn comes, regardless of whether it serves any practical purpose.

Suppose it finally dawns on some official at State that if he can barely justify that deputy's job in Nairobi there is definitely no longer any excuse for the deputy to have a secretary whose title has been inflated to administrative assistant and whose slot is fast becoming as embedded in concrete as her boss's. But if he tries to abolish the slot, he is now sure to hear indignant protests from an aroused spouses' lobby.

These perpetual slots are a major factor in overstaffing throughout the federal government and its military and diplomatic installations here and abroad. It is especially pronounced in the more glamorous posts in Europe. Whether we really need that base in Naples becomes secondary to the preservation of slots for all the officers and spouses who have dreamed of spending their weekends on Capri....

Guess what's the latest craze in plastic surgery: knee jobs. As hemlines have been going up, cosmetic surgeons, ever alert to the opportunity to put another Jaguar in their garages, have been offering everything from a simple defatting of the knee for around $500 to "a complete lower-body sculpting," including calves, thighs and buttocks, for $5,000....

Last month I read a sad story in *The Washington Post* about how bluegrass music has declined to the point where one of the better groups, The Johnson Mountain Boys, cannot get enough work to make a living. This reminded me of a similar episode in the 1940s, when the Big Bands, such as Artie Shaw's and Benny Goodman's, that I had liked so much, lost their popular appeal almost overnight.

When I arrived in New York to attend Columbia in January 1946, there were three theaters downtown—the Paramount, the Capitol, and the Strand—that regularly offered a big band as well as a feature movie. I remember my first week going to the Paramount to hear one of the best, the Woody Herman group that included Dave Tough, Bill Harris, Flip Phillips, and Chubby Jackson. Then the decline set in almost immediately and the bands began to disappear from the theaters. The last one I can remember seeing was Lionel Hampton at the Strand in early 1947. It featured Illinois Jacquet on the tenor saxophone and the most exciting version I ever heard of "Flying Home."

The end of these bands was a great loss for American culture, and I hope the same doesn't happen to bluegrass....

—*Charles Peters*

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Why Amnesty Failed

How to make it work for illegal immigrants

by Jason DeParle

Eva has a problem. She's lived in Chicago for eight years as an illegal immigrant. The new immigration law that took effect last May gives her the chance to shed that illegal status for a work permit and eventual citizenship. But Eva lacks the paper trail she needs to prove her history of U.S. residence. She lacks the hundreds of dollars it would cost her to apply. And she lacks the faith that immigration authorities won't deport her children, who didn't begin arriving from Mexico until 1984, two years after the amnesty cut-off date. "If I give them the names of my children," she says, "they'll take them."

As the year-long legalization program draws to a close, there are hundreds of thousands of Evas: illegal immigrants too poor, confused, or afraid to capitalize on its one-time offer. When the program kicked off last May, immigration officials predicted that between 2 million and 3.9 million people would register. But as March began only a million had come forward, and head-counters have consistently deflated their final prediction, which has now sagged to only 1.35 million. To spur a last-minute surge, sombrero-topped immigration officials have been Texas two-stepping from one photo op to another, broadcasting Spanish jingles and attending burrito bakes. They've even begun placing flyers in the bags of tortillas sold in grocery stores, urging people to apply. But all the salsa in San Diego won't coax forth the number of illegals the law was intended to help.

Rep. Charles Schumer wants to buy more time and has asked Congress to extend the deadline for a year. But judged by the contentiousness that accompanied the original act, that may be a hard sell. Congress spent five years cussing over what finally passed in 1986 as the Simpson-Rodino act. The legislation, which passed the House by seven slim votes, tread a narrow path between warring camps. It promised to get tough on new border-crossers by fining employers who hire them. At the same time, it promised to ease up on those who arrived before 1982 by offering legal status. The effort to extend the deadline is made even more difficult by the opposition of Sen. Alan Simpson, the act's cosponsor and a pivotal immigration player.

Supporters of the Schumer extension argue that an extra year's time could coax forth another 400,000 people from the shadows of illegal life. It's not just a humanitarian move on behalf of an easily exploited population, they say, but one essential to a healthy democracy. Illegal aliens are

Jason DeParle is an editor of The Washington Monthly. *Charles Montgomery provided research for this article.*

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afraid to report crimes or fires. They're afraid to seek treatment for diseases. The persistence of a vulnerable subclass hurts us all. You know the retort: We gave them their chance; if they haven't registered by now, that's their problem. "Instead of being thanked for an act of beneficence, we're hearing the whining of the ungrateful," said Patrick Burns of the Federation for American Immigration Reform, to *The New York Times*.

What, in fact, *is* the problem? Across the globe, from Krakow to Krakatowa, the victims of poverty and oppression, numbering hundreds of millions, long to live in the U.S. What keeps hundreds of thousands inside our own borders from stepping forward to fulfill the promise that brought them here in the first place?

Here's the answer:

►**Publicity**: The first key to a successful legalization program is spreading the word. Or spreading lots of words, not just in Spanish but in Creole, Polish, Tagalog, Urdu, Chinese and dozens of other languages. As its word-spreaders, the Immigration and Naturalization Service chose The Justice Group, a consortium of three California public relations firms that bid $10.7 million to do the job. But by almost all accounts, the publicity has failed. "Seriously inadequate. . .a major program deficiency," is what Doris Meissner, a former INS acting commissioner, called it in a report with Demetrios Papademetriou for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. "I don't think anybody thinks the INS effort has been enough," said Elizabeth Bogen, who directs the Office of Immigrant Affairs for the City of New York. In private conversation, INS officials in field offices share that assessment.

The campaign has consisted mostly of ads in newspapers and on radio and TV broadcasts, in as many as 36 different languages. As a result, virtually all illegal immigrants know an amnesty program exists. What many don't know is who qualifies, or how to apply, or whom to trust. For those details to spread, the campaign needed to take a more grassroots approach, utilizing church bulletins, hotlines, newsletters, and networks of ethnic groups. Ironically, that was the conclusion of The Justice Group itself in its original proposal. The task "calls for much more than mass media approaches," it said, promising an additional "outreach effort" that ethnic groups say hardly materialized. "There's been a lack of trustworthy information," said Hernando Caicedo of the Mission San Juan, a Washington group that helps illegal aliens apply. "A lot travels by word of mouth."

To pick up the slack, a smorgasbord of ethnic groups, churches, local governments and other groups have attempted their own publicity campaigns. The Archdiocese of New York is distributing flyers in parochial schools and printing notices in church bulletins. Volunteers in a city-run service program are canvassing ethnic neighborhoods in Brooklyn, Manhattan, and Queens, posting notices in laundromats and grocery stores and broadcasting with sound trucks. After a sweep of the city's Dominican-dominated Washington Heights, applications in nearby immigration offices doubled. Similarly, when the archdiocese of Chicago held an information day, 500 people showed up. "That shows that there are a lot of people out there who still haven't gotten the word," said Cecilia Munoz, who heads the diocese's amnesty efforts.

Individually, some INS field personnel have taken on their own energetic campaigns. They've appeared on radio shows, delivered green cards in hospital wards, and sent valentines to elderly applicants. They even split an 18-foot burrito with undocumented farm workers. One of the most noteworthy efforts has been that of Harold Ezell, the western regional commissioner. A former executive at Wienerschnitzel International, Inc., a hot dog company, Ezell once made headlines with his prescription for illegal immigrants: "catch 'em, clean 'em, and fry 'em." But the New Ezell has taken to donning sombreros at Hispanic boxing matches, and riding in the Chinese New Year parade. In January, The Justice Group launched a campaign that more closely resembles the grassroots efforts of private groups. It's getting good reviews, but too late to create the kind of awareness originally desired.

►**Fear**: From the start, INS officials faced a formidable challenge: to transform their image, Houdini-like, from a bureaucracy of feared cops to one of helpful paper pushers at neighborhood amnesty offices. By definition, the immigrants eligible for this program had spent at least five years *hiding* from the INS. Now they were being asked to stroll forward into the enemy's lair and commit name, address, and phone number to paper.

To soothe the fears, the INS opened 107 new offices that only process applications for amnesty; this keeps applicants from having to deal with the same agents who may have been trying to deport them. In addition, the agency deputized more than 900 church and community groups, awkwardly dubbed Qualified Designated Entities, to help illegals prepare their applications. So im-

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Newsbreak: INS Offers Phony Extension

Just as this article was going to press, immigration officials unveiled what might be called the Con Job Extension: a measure designed to capture headlines and disarm congressional critics, while doing little to address the real problem. Under this so-called extension, illegal aliens must still file applications by May 4; all the INS is offering is an extra two months for applicants to submit the necessary documentation once they've applied. This move—an implicit, if inadvertent, admission of the program's shortcomings—leaves its fundamental failings untouched. It does nothing to boost the weak publicity program that has left many aliens confused. It does nothing to assuage the concerns of those who hear their family members may be deported. And without extending the original May 4 deadline for applications, the INS will still fail to lure anywhere near the minimum of two million illegal aliens it initially predicted. Rep. Charles Schumer, who is pushing for a year-long extension, correctly labeled this too-little-too-late measure "virtually meaningless." As government reforms go, put it in the category of Japanese trade concessions, moves that give the appearance of change without the substance. —*J.P.*

migrants who don't want to walk straight into the INS can ready their paperwork instead at places like the Ethiopian Community Center or Hispanos Unidos de Virginia. Furthermore, Congress declared all the information in amnesty applications confidential, forbidding the INS from using it for deportation purposes. The INS has followed that rule and, by most accounts, made a good-faith effort to don the sheep's clothing. "They deserve some praise for the general tone of their approach," said Charles Kamasaki of La Raza, a national Hispanic lobby.

For all that, Osmin Martinez had doubts—about nine months' worth of them. Despite a spring, summer, and fall of TV and newspaper ads touting the program, Martinez, a 30-year-old native of El Salvador, waited until February to apply. "I didn't want to try to arrange it because they might arrest me," he said. It comes as no surprise that Martinez's fears are widely shared. "They don't want Immigration to know where they are," said Mary Mercado, director of the Spanish Catholic Center in Washington. "They don't believe [the program] is true."

►**Family Unity**: Illegal immigration typically occurs in stages. Husband or wife arrives first, finds a job and home. Later, with that beachhead established, the rest of the family follows. The U.S. has always recognized family unity as a key provision in immigration law, and we endorse it in international forums like the Helsinki accords. But the amnesty law, which requires each member of a family to qualify on his or her own, is silent on the question of spouses and children. Since applications, which list family members, are confidential, that doesn't mean children and spouses *will* be deported. But it does mean there are no guarantees of protection should the INS find them.

Congress should have offered more explicit protections to immediate family members and has turned down subsequent legislation that would have done so. But the INS is also to blame. The agency has considerable discretionary powers that it could use to soothe immigrant fears. One way to do that would have been to offer spouses and children a type of limbo status called "extended voluntary departure," a neither-here-nor-there arrangement that forestalls deportation proceedings.

Instead, the agency fed the applicants' fears for six months by sending out contradictory signals. Some field directors promised leniency; others said they were awaiting word from Washington. In October, the INS finally promised not to deport children younger than 18, but only if both parents qualified for amnesty. What if only the wife qualified? Would it deport the husband? The children? The INS said it would take up those questions on a case-by-case basis, using its discretion where unspecified "compelling humanitarian factors" warrant it.

What that might mean in the tangled instance of Eva, the Mexican woman in Chicago, is unclear. Since she arrived in 1980 before the cutoff, she is eligible for amnesty. So is the child she brought with her as a month-old baby. Her other children, who joined her in 1984 and 1985, are not eligible. But *their* children, Eva's grandchildren, are already U.S. citizens, since they were born here.

Family unity is perhaps the most bitterly contested aspect of the legalization program. Immigration officials like to down-play it, arguing that it affects few families. And they rightly point out that no family members have yet been deported. But volunteers on the front lines say it's the psychology that counts, with applicants un-

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willing to risk exposing husbands, wives, or children. A survey in Los Angeles found that 30 percent of those who attended an amnesty information program said they failed to file applications due to fears about ineligible family members. "It's an unbelievably big problem," said Munoz, the Chicago amnesty worker. "People are afraid to come forward because of what might happen to their children."

►**Documentation**: To qualify for amnesty, an illegal alien must be able to prove that he or she has lived in the U.S. continually since 1982. They can prove it in lots of ways: with utility receipts, letters to a U.S. address, tax returns, union cards, driver's licenses, report cards, or sworn statements from priests, employers, or neighbors. A California woman even submitted a winning receipt from a Las Vegas slot machine. There are no codified standards of how much proof must be offered. Individual INS officers make their own judgments. But despite the government's flexibility, producing the proof is often the toughest task an applicant faces. Illegal immigrants, by nature, avoid paper trails.

"I just don't have the proof," said Ovel Salguedo, who says he came to the U.S. from El Salvador in 1980. Shortly after arriving, Salguedo began washing dishes in a Greek restaurant, where his brother had been working since the previous year. Juan Salguedo, who kept his pay stubs, applied for amnesty and received a temporary work permit in June. But Ovel, who didn't keep his papers, is still searching for the owner of the restaurant, which closed in 1983.

A number of immigrants have found their employers reluctant to acknowledge their past labors. Many were paid in cash, or at rates below the minimum wage. Though the INS guarantees confidentiality, it's no surprise that business men who have been cheating the government out of payroll and Social Security taxes run the opposite direction when asked to sign statements.

The *Dallas Times Herald* told the story of an Austin restaurant owner who responded to a request for documentation by throwing a roll of toilet paper at his former employee. "Here's the paper you wanted," he said. (By contrast, in an admirable act of corporate responsibility, Levi Strauss loans up to $1,000 to employees wishing to apply for amnesty.) Perversely, it is the immigrants who are exploited the worst—agricultural workers and maids—who often have the toughest time getting former employers to own up. Workers who've been paid in cash may themselves hesitate to come forward since the law requires that they pay back taxes.

For applicants who have moved, the need to gather documents may require long, expensive trips. Felipe, a 35-year-old machinist, settled in Chicago when he first arrived from Mexico in 1978. He moved to Texas in 1986. Although he made a trip back to Chicago to collect rent receipts and contact former employers, he has yet to receive all the paper they promised to send. "We have a lot of cases that have come from California," said Gilbert Jezbera, a legalization worker for the diocese of El Paso. "Witnesses move, neighbors move. It's hard to get proof."

Nearly half of the immigration lawyers and amnesty workers who answered a nationwide poll by the *Dallas Times Herald* listed documentation problems as the most common reason that eligible immigrants don't apply.

►**Money**: For the Mexicans, Salvadorans, Poles, Filipinos, Sierra Leoneans, Jamaicans and countless others fleeing the repression or poverty of their homelands, the offer of U.S. citizenship may be a hell of a good deal. Still, it isn't free.

Congress required the program to pay for itself. The INS, divvying up the estimated cost of more than 100 new offices and thousands of new employees, charges $185 per person, up to a maximum of $420 a family. Tack on $50 to $100 per person for an AIDS test. Tack on another $75 or so for applicants going through a neighborhood QDE. Tack on from $500 to $1,000, or more, for those who retain an attorney. Not to mention time away from work or the cost of cross-country Greyhound trips in search of five-year-old rent receipts. Though most illegal immigrants work, the costs can still be prohibitive.

Osmin Martinez, a Salvadoran immigrant, has worked in six different restaurants since he arrived in Washington in 1979. He said that his efforts to get written proof cost him more than two weeks of lost work time. "In some of them, they said we don't have anything," he said. "Others, they told me to come back another day, the secretary wasn't there. I thought it was like it would wreck the restaurant to get papers." Though he neither traveled beyond Washington nor hired a lawyer, Martinez estimates that with lost wages his application cost about $1,500.

Where there's need, there's greed. With several million potential clients, instant amnesty offices have sprouted across the country, in such unlikely locations as the back rooms of shoe stores, groceries, and travel agencies. The *Los Angeles Times* found travel agents in Polish neighborhoods of

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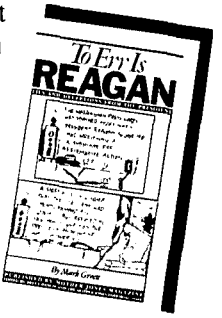

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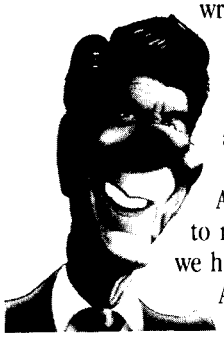

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Chicago who charged $500 simply to fill out the four-page application. An off-duty Miami cop was charging up to $1,200 for Cuban and Haitian couples. In August, investigators who raided the El Norte Company of El Paso found it had done no work at all on most of its 1,500 cases.

►**Regulations**: When the amnesty program began, applicants convicted of drunk driving in Texas were considered ineligible. So were people who had left the country and returned on legal visas. Immigrants with children in foster care couldn't be sure.

Just who qualifies and how has been a matter of confusing and consistent change. Congress laid down the general rules and left the INS to write the fine print, which has been the subject of lawsuits ever since. The INS circulated the proposed regulations in January 1987, even before they were published in the *Federal Register*, to allow extra time for review and challenge. But the wrangling inside the INS bureaucracy and in the courts is still going on. "A lot of people are confused," said Mary McClymont of the U.S. Catholic Conference. "They know there's a program, but they don't know they qualify. They're self-selecting out."

A particularly important debate focuses on the phrase "known to the government." At stake are the applications of tens of thousands of immigrants. Many of them are former students, who entered the U.S. on a visa valid for as long as they remained enrolled in school. Those who dropped out without leaving the country or securing a new visa became illegal aliens. But they are eligible for amnesty only if their legal breach became known to the government.

The problem is that no one is quite sure what "known to the government" means. Attorneys for the illegal aliens argue it means any government agency—the Social Security Administration, say, or the Internal Revenue Service. The INS, on the other hand, argues "known to the government" means known to the INS. And since the INS is typically the last place an illegal immigrant will spread the news of an invalid visa, that eliminates a lot of applications. A federal district court in Dallas last fall ruled the INS interpretation too narrow. But that decision applies to the Dallas district only, and similar suits are pending throughout the country.

►**Processing**: Probably the best advertisement the INS could post would be hordes of successful alumni. The skeptic disinclined to believe the radio ads or tortilla bags might listen up if he sees his neighbor or brother-in-law walking around with a green-striped I-688 work permit in his pocket.

The 107 INS offices sought a quick turnaround, but some of the original applications took more than six months to process. The four regional processing centers have turned into bottlenecks, with computer problems and lost files slowing decisions to a trickle. In Chicago, only 12 percent of the 65,000 who applied by mid-January had received word of the INS's final ruling. These delays have kept the good news from filtering back into the community. (And with approval rates of about 97 percent, there was a lot of good news to spread.) Too many potential applicants still have a wait-and-see attitude.

Yeah, yeah, and the ozone layer's leaking too, you say—so what? While a failing amnesty program may not rank at the top of the world's ills, unlike many others, it's one we can fix. First thing to do is extend the deadline to apply. The year-long deadline was arbitrary in the first place. Agricultural workers get 18 months; special classes of Haitians and Cubans get two years. Congress should simply accept that immigrant fears ran deeper and the government program ran slower than we all hoped and give it some more time. What's there to lose?

Next, fix what's gone wrong. For those worried about their family members, that's easy: promise not to deport them. For those who lack the money, defer the application fee. Let applicants pay it off gradually. The documentation problem is a bit tougher but still solvable. Work harder to convince employers they won't be penalized for signing affidavits. Liberalize the burden of proof—requiring, say, a document per year, rather than one every three or six months. (That loosening could be accompanied by higher penalties for fraud.) Most of all, continue to hit the streets with sound trucks, church flyers, and door knockers. Keep the sombreroed INS officials out there holding burrito bakes. The kind of campaign that should have started a year ago finally seems to be working.

The employer sanctions that accompanied the amnesty bill have already made Eva's life tougher. Faced with potential fines, her employer asked to see her work permit. Without one, she lost her job last fall. Her problem might not be as bad as those of the friends and family she left behind in Mexico, but it's easier to address. A better world gets built a step at a time. Write your congressman today. (And send a copy to Senator Alan Simpson, 260 Dirksen Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20510) □

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Bring Back the Orphanage

An answer for today's abused children

by Lois G. Forer

April sat on the witness chair clutching a Cabbage Patch doll. Her blue eyes blazed with hostility. In clear, precise language, accurately relating dates, times, and places, this ten-year-old girl described the repeated acts of sexual abuse to which she was subjected by her stepfather for two years. The incidents occurred in the presence of her mother. She said that her maternal grandfather had tried to kill her stepfather but his shotgun misfired. When called to the witness stand, the grandfather, an old wino, mumbled incoherently. The mother, who has an IQ of 72, was unable to say more than "yes" or "nope" or "I dunno" in response to questions. April has an IQ of 146. No one knows the identity of her natural father.

This trial lasted four days. It was heartbreaking and distasteful. But the aftermath was frustrating and appalling. I convicted the stepfather of statutory rape, involuntary deviate sexual intercourse, and contributing to the delinquency of a minor and sentenced him to 19 to 38 years, the maximum the law allowed. I could not convict him of rape because April had not resisted. As she explained, the guidance counselor at school and the family therapist to whom the stepfather had taken her told her to obey her father, that he knew what was best for her. Even with time off for good behavior and the eagerness of the parole board to make room for new convicts, the stepfather will probably remain in prison until April is 18 and, I hope, can protect herself.

But what will become of her in the important remaining years of her childhood and adolescence if she lives with her retarded mother and drunken grandfather? After sentencing, I began a long, fruitless quest to have April placed in a safe and suitable environment. I implored every public and private agency involved in child welfare to find her a suitable home. I was told it was impossible. There was a shortage of foster homes and insufficient funds. Moreover, it is the policy of both governmental and private agencies to keep families together. The child's caseworkers assured me that April's mother was receiving counseling. But no amount of counseling will increase the mother's intelligence or alter her promiscuous habits.

* * *

Tyrone was beaten so severely by his father, Robert W., that the neighbors called the police. Robert is a prize-fighter trainer. He repeatedly struck Tyrone with a doubled-over electric cord. A doctor at the hospital where Tyrone was treated testified in court. He described several deep, bloody wounds on the eight-year-old boy and presented X-rays of healed fractures and a diagram of the youngster's body showing the location of more than 70 scars of old and recent beatings. Robert testified that he was just "disciplining" a bad boy. Tyrone's evil conduct was wetting the bed.

"Robert is not a criminal," his lawyer argued. "He was just reprimanding his son." The prosecuting attorney recommended family counseling and probation rather than prison. Whether Robert was in prison or not, Tyrone would have to live with his mother, who had testified that Robert was a good and loving husband and father and Tyrone was incorrigible. Again, no agency would even attempt to find placement for Tyrone. The family should be kept together.

* * *

Tony has no scars. Neither of his parents was arrested. They came to court voluntarily in a custody battle. They were divorced when Tony

Lois G. Forer, a former judge, recently retired from the state Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia.

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was four years old. He is now nine. The father tells Tony his mother is a whore, an evil woman. The mother tells Tony his father will kill him, his stepfather, and his half-brother. Tony twitches and stammers. He has attempted suicide twice. He is failing in school although he is a brighter than average child. Neither parent will consent to his hospitalization and no psychiatrist would give a professional opinion that Tony's mental health was endangered by remaining with his mother and stepfather. Without such evidence, I could not order the institutionalization of Tony. The rights of the family cannot be violated.

I gave Tony a paper and pencil and asked him to write a story while he was waiting in the anteroom during my conference with his parents. Tony wrote: "Dear God, Please help me."

These are but a few of the thousands of abused, neglected, and homeless children I have seen during my 16 years on the trial bench in Philadelphia and when I was a practicing lawyer. These children are white, black, and Hispanic. Some are brilliant, others mildly retarded. They range in age from newborn to 16 and 17 years. What they have in common is that all desperately need a safe, permanent home.

My experiences are not peculiar to Philadelphia. Unfortunately, this is not a local problem but a national epidemic. Thirty states reported increases of more than 50 percent in child abuse between 1980 and 1985. The National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse reports that in 1986 at least 1,300 children in the United States died from neglect or abuse. In 1986, 2.2 million cases of child abuse were reported nationally. It is likely that ten times that many occurred but were not reported, although every state has a law requiring doctors, hospitals, and others who suspect child abuse to report it and protects them for doing so. Undoubtedly, 1988 will see an even greater number of mistreated children as teenage pregnancies, drug and alcohol abuse, homelessness, and economic and housing problems escalate.

These deaths and thousands of cases of continuing abuse occur not because social workers are uncaring (although some are) and not because judges fail to treat child abuse as a serious crime (although some do) but because there are no places for these children to live. For at least the past quarter-century Americans have been captivated by two concepts that have become accepted public policy: deinstitutionalization and preservation of the family. Both are worthy goals pursued to unworthy ends.

I suggest that it is time for us to demand that government provide permanent, well-run orphanages for the more than two million abused children who are de facto orphans. It will be costly. However, we are spending billions in futile efforts to prevent child abuse, to find adoptive and foster parents, and to pay them for the temporary, uncertain, and largely unsupervised care of helpless children in foster placement. We are also paying for inadequate shelters for tens of thousands who spend their childhood in a limbo of uncertainty, waiting in vain for a home. There is a high statistical probability that many of these abused children will become delinquent teenagers and adult criminals. The money we save on their early care will be spent on "correctional institutions" later. If this is to be the decade of the child, we cannot ignore those in the greatest need, abused and abandoned children.

Therapy for rapists

At mid-century deinstitutionalization and the preservation of the family were appropriate responses to real evils. Many mental institutions had become warehouses offering little therapy and less chance of release. Commitment procedures were lax. Many families were glad to be rid of problem members, such as spouses who drank, forgetful elderly parents, and rebellious, nonconforming teenagers. Institutionalization was their first resort, not their last. Mental health experts embraced their mission of treating allegedly mentally ill persons with unbounded optimism, often against the patient's will and with little regard for their rights.

In the 1970s, the promise of quick cures for behavioral problems through psychogenic drugs, the spiraling costs of institutions, and a belated concern for patients' rights sparked the movement for deinstitutionalization. Between 1963 and 1980, almost 400,000 persons were released from mental institutions in the naive expectation that "community-based care" would adequately provide for them. But fewer than 800 of the planned 2,000 community treatment centers were established. The result has been an enormous increase in the number of street people, in the arrest and imprisonment of former inmates who are unable to function in society, and an overload on available resources.

The principle of deinstitutionalization extended to the field of child care, where it is a given that institutions are bad and that private homes

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The Flight of Michael and Tabitha

Tabitha has been in a juvenile detention center for months while cadres of public employees and social workers in private agencies search for a home for her. Tabitha ran away from home after she was raped by her father. Tabitha, who is 15, has no prior court record. She is now charged with delinquency, the crime of running away. The rape occurred on the night of her graduation from junior high school. After she had come home from a school party and gone to bed, she awakened and went to the kitchen for a soda. Her father grabbed her and raped her on the kitchen floor. He did not dispute her testimony but stated that he was drunk, Tabitha was in her nightgown, and Tabitha's mother had been confined to bed for three months with a difficult pregnancy. All of which, he thought, justified his conduct. I sentenced the father to two-and-a-half to five years in prison to be followed by five years' probation. When I pronounced the sentence the mother screamed at me, "Who is going to take care of me and my children? Tabitha can take care of herself."

I knew the mother would have a difficult time making ends meet and that Tabitha would have a miserable time living with her mother, who blamed Tabitha for the family's economic difficulties. The father, who is a skilled worker, earned much more money at his regular job than in prison. I permitted him to be allowed work release. He must sleep in the prison but can work during the day. His wages, less a small deduction for his maintenance, are paid to his wife. But despite my efforts, no one could find a home for Tabitha.

The last report of the father's probation officer was that the father has been a model probationer since his early release from prison. He has his old job back and is living with his family.

"How is Tabitha?" I inquired. He told me that Tabitha had run away some time ago.

Before the rape Tabitha had been a reasonably good student. She had missed almost a semester of high school while she was in detention, charged with running away. For several months after her release, she attended school and signed her own report cards. No one knew where she was living. Then she quit school and vanished into the anonymity of the city. In Chile, children who have been snatched by the military are called the "disappeared." The world is rightly enraged over a society in which children can disappear and be lost forever. Less dramatically, thousands of American children simply vanish each year. The school system strikes them off the roster. The police list them as missing but no one looks for them.

* * *

Michael N. III, 16, is the scion of a prominent family. He discovered that his father was looting the trust funds established for Michael and his sisters by their grandparents. When Michael confronted his father with the facts, the father beat Michael severely and locked him in the cellar. Michael made his escape with the help of the gas man who came to read the meter. Michael was charged with running away and the theft of his grandfather's watch that Michael attempted to pawn. Michael claimed that the watch had been given to him. He remained in custody until his eighteenth birthday because there was no other facility for him and Michael refused to go home. He did not graduate from high school because there was no equivalent schooling in the detention center.

—L.G.F.

are good. We cling to the notion that institutions for children are Dickensian places of evil and cruelty. However, even in Victorian times there were good orphanages. Leslie Thomas, who grew up in an orphanage established in the nineteenth-century by an English reformer, wrote a well-known memoir about his life there, *This Time Next Week: The Autobiography of a Happy Orphan*. After the death of his parents, Thomas spent ten years in this orphanage. He attended public school where he was prepared for his career as a writer.

In nineteenth-century America, almost every community had publicly supported orphanages resembling what we now call group homes. Children lived there and attended the local public schools until they reached adulthood. Anne Whitt Thompson of Gaithersburg, Maryland, wrote a letter to *The New York Times* in 1987 stating in part, "I lived in two orphanages and three foster homes growing up in North Carolina, and I can say nothing but good about my life in orphanages. We did not wonder where we would eat or sleep, because the orphanage was our

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home. . . ." Girard College in Philadelphia was established in the 1800s as an orphanage. Many of its graduates became leading citizens, prominent in industry, government, and the arts. They look back on their days there as happy, secure, and fulfilling. This was a wealthy, well-run institution.

Of course, not all orphanages were like these. Before I went on the bench, I prosecuted the director of a church-sponsored orphanage where children were physically and sexually abused and another privately operated rural orphanage where children were hired out to work on farms like indentured serfs. The director pocketed the children's wages. There have been real evils in orphanages, but abuse and mismanagement are not peculiar to them, nor are such conditions inevitable.

In addition to deinstitutionalization, another belief that took hold in the mid-twentieth century was that mental health professionals and social workers should decide the adequacy of parents. This resulted in families on welfare being held to unreasonably high standards of parenting. Well-meaning psychiatrists and psychologists saw their role as determining the proper environment for a child. In an influential book published in 1973, *Beyond the Best Interests of the Child*, authors Joseph Goldstein, Albert J. Solnit, and Anna Freud wrote: "How, the question becomes, can the law assure for each child a chance to become a member of a family where he feels wanted and where he will have the opportunity on a continuing basis not only to receive and return affection but also to express anger and learn to manage his aggression?" This was obviously an impossible goal. But professional hubris led many to believe that psychoanalytic theory could provide the correct answer to child placement. Many poor children were removed from imperfect but not abusive parents and institutionalized. In response to this undesirable practice, theory changed, and it is now established policy to keep families together no matter how undesirable the family situation is.

A new profession arose to implement this goal, namely, family therapists. Some family therapists are licensed psychiatrists and psychologists. Many are not. Some are former school teachers and social workers who call themselves family therapists. Others are individuals with no formal training and little experience who set themselves up in business as family therapists. On the whole, it is a profitable occupation. Schools, courts, and hospitals refer troubled families to such persons for treatment. I have had many cases involving physical abuse, incest, and other crimes against children in which the conventional wisdom dictates: "Keep the family together. Order therapy."

In one case, the family had been "in treatment" with a family therapist for more than a year after the father had been convicted (before another judge) of having sex with his 12-year-old daughter. The father then was before me in criminal court charged with statutory rape of his ten-year-old daughter. These two unhappy little girls were failing in school. The prosecutor, the court psychiatrist, and, of course, defense counsel all urged probation with family therapy for the father. With the consent of the parties, I met with the family therapist who had been treating them. He told me that the mother refused to have sex with her husband but that the therapist was getting her to change her attitude. He urged me not to incarcerate the man.

"It's my duty to protect the girls," I told him.

"But I am keeping the family together," he indignantly replied.

In my opinion, this was not a family that should be kept together. If the man had molested a girl who was not his daughter, no one would have objected to a prison sentence.

Foster failures

Of course there is a middle ground between institutions and families: foster homes. But it's a solution that's never proven adequate. Although extensive and expensive public relations programs to recruit foster families have been in effect for several years, they have not produced enough foster families to meet the need. Few sensible persons will agree to take care of a strange child 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, for pay of less than $5,000 with no vacation or sick leave and no fringe benefits. In 1987, the American Public Welfare Association reported that 33 states paid only between $200 and $300 a month per child for basic foster care. With the exception of a small number of saintly souls, foster parents are like all other people who work for a living. They want good pay, reasonable hours, and good working conditions. The pay for foster parents is attractive only to those who have no other options.

Whether foster placement is or is not preferable to institutions, it must be recognized that there are simply not enough foster parents to care for all the infants and children who need homes. In New York City the demand for foster

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Two-year-old Joseph Huot died after being placed in the foster care of a convicted rapist. Police have charged the foster parents with murder.

care placements jumped 29 percent from 1985 to 1986, according to the Children's Defense Fund. In Illinois, there was a 32 percent increase in the number of children entering care from 1986 to 1987. But the number of licensed foster homes in Illinois dropped from 3,597 in June 1984 to 2,790 three years later.

Some 1,000 children from newborn to two years old in New York City are in hospitals as "boarder babies." Many have been abandoned. Others have drug-addicted mothers. It is unlikely that any of these children will be adopted. They will be shifted from hospital to hospital, wherever a bed is available. Often the diagnosis of a child will change to meet the admission requirements of the institutions, not the needs of the child. I have seen many children who have been diagnosed at different times as retarded, emotionally disturbed, and "predelinquent" in order to find a bed somewhere for a homeless youngster.

After the public outcry about the death of little Matthew Eli Creekmore, who was kicked to death by his father in Seattle despite repeated intervention by state workers, more than 5,000 children were removed from abusive homes in the state of Washington. But authorities could find foster homes for only 3,800.

And there is no assurance that foster placement will provide even a modicum of care, security, or permanence for the child. Public institutions are answerable to the public. They can be inspected regularly by public officials. Committees of private citizens can act as overseers and keep a careful eye on the operations of such orphanages. It is difficult and expensive for social workers to inspect at frequent intervals all foster homes.

An audit of the New York State Division of Youth by the state comptroller disclosed that children have been placed with foster parents who were emotionally unstable, suicidal, violent, and financially unable to provide the youths with a clean place to live and necessities such as drinking water. In 1987, Judge Daniel D. Leddy of New York Family Court told *The New York Times*, "It's gotten to the point where we're sending kids home to bad circumstances because foster care is such a terrible alternative."

Two-year-old Joseph Huot died of brain injuries in January, two months after being placed in the foster care of a convicted rapist. Philadelphia police have arrested the foster parents and charged them with murder. Huot was placed in the couple's care (his parents separated and his grandfather could no longer care for him) despite the fact that the foster father, 26-year-old Walter Hairston, had pleaded guilty seven years earlier to rape, aggravated assault, and burglary. Police said Hairston falsified his application with Catholic Social Services, deleting his criminal record. The Hairstons received $18.55 a day to care for Huot, who doctors said died of "shaken baby syndrome," which occurs when the brain strikes against the skull. Though Huot family members began reporting their suspicions of child abuse in November—after spotting bruises on the child's back—doctors said they did not suspect abuse, and state social workers ruled the family's claim unfounded.

I saw a different example of the failings of the foster care system when Edward came before my court. Though he was only 16, Family Court decided he was incorrigible and he was transferred to be tried as an adult. Edward's juvenile court file consisted of two thick volumes. His problems had first landed him in court when he was seven, when his father was murdered and his mother, a drug addict, disappeared. The court psychiatrist's report stated: "Edward grieves for his father. He misses his mother. He needs a warm, supportive home and intensive counseling." Edward remained in juvenile detention for more than six months while efforts were made to find him a foster home.

Mrs. S., his first foster mother, had two children of her own. In addition to Edward she had three other foster children. It was a noisy,

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impersonal household. Mr. and Mrs. S. did not abuse Edward. They fed him and gave him a bed in a room with two other boys who complained that Edward cried at night. The school teacher reported that Edward did not pay attention in class. Mrs. S. told the social worker that a neighbor had accused Edward of stealing her pocketbook. Delinquency charges were filed against Edward and he was back in the detention center. When the theft charges came up for trial the neighbor did not appear. The court entered an order: "determined," a concept peculiar to some juvenile courts. The child cannot be found guilty because there is no evidence. But in order to give the child the benefit of juvenile court supervision, the court does not dismiss the charges. With this record, it was even more difficult to find a foster home for Edward. Who wants to take in a thief even if he is only ten years old?

The second foster mother also made a living out of this occupation. She increased her meager profits by scrimping on the food and clothing she provided for the children and pocketing some of the allotment, a not uncommon practice. When Edward complained, she beat him. He ran away, earning a second delinquency charge. On the street he ate from garbage cans and stole. He was caught and placed in the detention center again. Two more charges: runaway and theft. He ran away from the center and was caught while attempting to steal a candy bar. Two more charges of delinquency. The Family Court then sought a "secure facility," that is, a jail, for Edward. Finally it was decided that Edward was beyond the rehabilitative powers of the juvenile court system and that he should be treated as an adult offender.

For nine years Edward had been under the control and supervision of the juvenile court and the welfare system. The only schooling he had was a few months while he lived with the first foster family and an occasional hour or two in the detention center. Somehow Edward did learn to read. Although he was examined and evaluated three times by court psychiatrists who all recommended therapy, he never received any. So far as I could see Edward had not failed the juvenile court system; it had failed him.

The orphanage option

There is an alternative to this deplorable situation: group homes for abused and abandoned children—orphanages. In 1964, Dr. Karl Menninger, the famous psychiatrist, established the first Village for homeless children. The impetus came from a judge. As Dr. Menninger explains, a judge asked him, "Dr. Karl, what the devil can I do with this boy? Where can I put him? He has done no crime, he has no disease, but he doesn't have dependable parents and he is on my hands. These foster placements keep jailing and ditching the children so often."

There are now 16 Villages in Kansas and Indiana. The children who live there have been neglected, abused, or abandoned. No child needs to leave the Village until he or she has reached adulthood. When I visited one of the Villages in Topeka, they were having a wedding. A young man who had spent his adolescence in the Village came back to his "home" to be married.

Compare this experience with the life of Bill, who has been in foster care in New York City for five years and has had to move ten times. Bill told a reporter for *The New York Times*, "I've had so many social workers I can't remember them. They say, 'All right, we're gonna help you.' But then they go against you. They're always on your back. It's like Rambo against the Vietcong."

Most communities do not have a children's Village. Some cities have a few group homes, but not nearly enough to meet the need. And few are more than temporary shelters. Judges who see abused, neglected, and abandoned children often have no option but a temporary detention center in which delinquents are also housed.

When I was running a law office for indigent children funded by the Office for Economic Opportunity in the 1960s, we encountered this situation daily. Once when a judge was about to commit a child to juvenile jail even though the youngster had not committed a crime, I protested.

He replied, "The parents won't keep him. There is no place that will take him. Will you take him to your home?"

All institutions are not bad; all families are not good. Neither are all foster parents good or bad. There is really no way of knowing. Caring foster parents rarely make the headlines; those who kill and abuse do.

When Elizabeth Steinberg of New York City was beaten to death by her adoptive father, or Matthew Eli Creekmore died in Seattle despite repeated intervention by state workers, these deaths were headline news. Such cases tear the hearts of Americans. "How can such things happen in a civilized country?" people ask.

We can do better. Bring back the orphanage. □

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26 AUG 1987

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SUBJECT: Wear of Earrings by Male Air Force Members

TO: DISTRIBUTION A - H

1. A growing number of male Air Force members are wearing earrings. It is clear that the wear of earrings (including ear posts) by men while in uniform violates AFR 35-10, and disciplinary action for violation of a lawful general regulation should be anticipated.

2. Such wear while in civilian clothes is not consistent with the proper Air Force image and can bring discredit upon the Air Force in the eyes of civilians. Therefore, as a matter of policy, the wear of earrings by male Air Force members **while on base** in civilian clothes **on or off duty** is discouraged in the strongest terms possible. Military members who choose to disregard this policy should be counselled that their actions reflect adversely on themselves and the Air Force, and may result in denial of service at some base facilities.

3. This letter applies to all active Air Force members as well as members of the Air National Guard and Air Force Reserves while subject to the Uniform Code of Military Justice and while serving duty on Grand Forks AFB.

4. A copy of this letter will be posted on all squadron bulletin boards and will be briefed at all commanders' calls.

RICKELL D. KNOLL, Col, USAF
Commander, 321 SMW

JERROLD P. ALLEN, Col, USAF
Commander, 319 BMW

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE
SEPTEMBER 18, 1947

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The city's murder rate is soaring. And the Secret Service prowls the poshest streets.

Why Washington's Best Cops Walk Its Safest Beat

by Matthew Cooper

Deputy Chief James Barnes is not only the kind of guy you'd want to have a beer with, he's who you want by your side when the guy at the end of the bar draws a knife. Chawing on a toothpick so hard that its 45-degree angle almost touches his salt-and-pepper moustache, Barnes looks like the ex-Marine that he is. Balding, he's a likable black Lou Grant. He calls me "Buddy."

Last month at the headquarters in Washington he showed me some guys he considers pretty tough. We strode out of his spare, large office to the trophy case down the fluorescent-lit hall. "That guy was great," he said, still chawing and pointing to a black-and-white photograph of a stocky 1940s cop, "he was incredible." Moving down the row of trophies, some of which looked like bowling souvenirs, and others that spoke with authority, like silver statues of 1920s-looking patrolmen with their arms cocked in the firing position, Barnes gets to the last plaque, the one with physical fitness awards given to his crew. "Hey, Bill, can you come out here a second," he shouts, and Officer William Knopick responds in about a second. He has that first-day-on-the-beach pale and a build that might pass for a pharmacist's. But he also has his name proudly etched on that plaque, holding most of the records for the 40-49 age group. The guy who sells you Sudafed probably cannot, like Bill Knopick, do 60 push-ups in a minute.

Barnes and Knopick aren't regular cops, they're the exceptional cops of the U.S. Secret Service.

Matthew Cooper is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

While it's best known for those inconspicuous agents with Ray Bans, suits, and wires coming out of their ears, the Secret Service also marshalls a police force of 985 cops in its Uniformed Division. They drive midnight-blue squad cars and take to the streets in crisp uniforms: white shirt, black pants, yellow stripe down the side. They are a common sight in Northwest Washington where they guard the White House and most of the embassies, consulates, and chanceries under their jurisdiction. They wear badges.

It's an impressive crew. While most police departments administer a physical but once a year, the Uniformed Division makes its officers sweat it out every three months. Compared to other elite federal agents, the Uniformed Division looks good. Its leading marksmen have taken competitions from the Border Patrol, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, and other federal law enforcement agencies. At the Secret Service training center, it is the officers of the Uniformed Division who teach the Ray Ban agents how to shoot.

There's just one problem: the best cops in Washington walk the safest beat. The Uniformed Division's mission to protect the embassies literally leaves officers riding shotgun past sleepy mansions in some of the city's best neighborhoods.

For years, Washington's local police force protected the diplomats, just as New York City's police force protects the missions of the U.N., albeit with some federal monies. Only in Washington do federal patrol cars drive past

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boutiques with names like Toast and Strawberries and in neighborhoods like Kalorama where the officers of the Secret Service's Uniformed Division are ubiquitous and where a townhouse runs "$700,000 and up to a lot of million, maybe five," according to Jill Denton, a Washington, D.C. realtor.

As you might expect, other neighborhoods in Washington are a wee bit more boisterous. Drug wars in the worst neighborhoods have pushed the number of homicides in Washington to a ten year high. Last year there were 228 murders. In the first months of 1988, the pace quickened. In Anacostia, Bobby Parker, a 23-year-old, is gunned down mob-style as his car pauses at an intersection. In Mount Pleasant, two women buy it in front of their children, shot down by thugs from a Jamaican narcotics ring. Members of the city council plead with Mayor Marion Barry to send National Guard troops to their wards. So why aren't those top cops where they're really needed?

Leonard Bernstein and the jellyfish

To understand why, you have to go back to 1969 when the Nixon administration proposed scrapping the White House Police, which, since 1922, had managed to protect the executive mansion's grounds with 250 officers drawn from the Washington Metropolitan Police. In its stead, it wanted an "Executive Protective Service" at triple the strength—850 officers—with roughly a quarter of the new troops assigned to stake out the embassies around the city. Those embassies had also been protected by local police.

There was more to the request than Nixon's dreams of an imperial presidency. (Although some of the first White House guards were put in regal brown uniforms with white tunics.) There was genuine fear as well. It was, after all, just two years after the riots that triggered the deployment of the National Guard, not just to the charred 14th Street corridor but to the steps of the Capitol. To those who weren't there, including myself, it is hard to imagine a city under siege. And there were some particularly embarrassing street crimes visited against the diplomatic community. The worst luck seemed to befall the Italian embassy where, on separate occasions, the ambassador was mugged and his butler was rolled for pocket money. The Mexican ambassador joined the Italian ambassador and several others in petitioning the State Department for more protection.

Security needed beefing up, but there was a host of ways to meet that goal, such as providing federal funds to place patrolmen at the most troubled embassies. Options like that were not even mentioned at the obscure hearings of the Subcommittee on Buildings and Grounds of the Senate Committee on Public Works that led to giving the Secret Service nightsticks and badges.

But more was at stake than security. For Republicans it was an easy vote to side with the new president and a back-door way of accomplishing other ends. It's instructive to look closely at that first hearing where Sen. Robert Dole told the head of the Secret Service: "The budget should give you enough to start rolling, which might set an example for some of the foreign countries to add more protection for people in our embassies in 170 countries around the world." How putting guards on affluent Kalorama Road would help our embassy in Karachi wasn't instantly apparent, but Dole seemed to think it would.

For liberals like Sen. Stephen Young, the hearings provided an opportunity to show that Democrats, after losing the 1968 election partly because of law and order issues, were still tough. At the same subcommitee meeting where Dole provided his own rationale, Young did a liberal's pirouette: while praising the 400,000 person antiwar march on Washington and the "fine people on that platform, including my friend Leonard Bernstein," he also took the opportunity to rail against criminals and "judges who have backbones like jellyfish." He ranted, not quite explaining how tripling the White House Police would give the judiciary spine.

To get some idea of how wearing it can be to patrol embassies for the Uniformed Division, stand in front of your house for two hours. Then drive to the supermarket and back home for two hours. Then repeat that four-hour cycle. Twice a day. Every day.

To break up the monotony, the shifts are a mix of two hours of "fixed patrol" (i.e. keeping an eye out for terrorists coming across the lawn) and two hours of moving patrol, either in a squad car (shotgun-equipped) or on a scooter. On a typical night you can see the officers, as I did, poised for hours outside the Turkish embassy. At the Polish embassy on 16th Street they are there into the night. On 17th Street, a gentrifying strip with a pricy Mexican restaurant and a gay steakhouse, a Secret Service squad car has its lights ablaze. Both officers are inside the 7-11. One is subduing a 310-calorie chocolate "Sport Shake;" the

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"If you are going to have guards around the embassies just standing around, what's wrong with them standing around the buildings where the drug pushers are," asked the city council member.

other is wrestling a magazine to the ground.

It's amazing that they stay in such good shape. "I try to get here at 7:00 and then I can start work by 9:30," Barnes said as we toured the top floor gymnasium at the Uniformed Division's L Street headquarters overlooking what there is of Washington's downtown skyline. About two dozen officers, men and women, were scattered across the gray carpet moving free weights and Nautilus. In the corner near the rotary torso machine was a VCR and monitor for workout tapes. A four-color pie chart tells what to wear if they want to go out for a run. A lot of the guys have Secret Service T-shirts (available downstairs along with mugs and other souvenirs). Had I the slightest doubt, now I know I'm a wimp. I take only small comfort in the Xeroxed posters near the elevator annoucing a seminar for "Fighting Fat." Officers were told to bring their own brown bag lunches.

Of course, it's hard to know whether that training pays off. The Uniformed Division won't disclose a list of the arrests they've made. (Top secret, you know.) But it isn't James Bond. A couple of officers mentioned drunk driving arrests. All mentioned how the Uniformed Division caught the killer of a D.C. police officer—who wisely chose to run across the Dumbarton bridge and past several Secret Service guards at the Turkish embassy.

The Uniformed Division doesn't make a lot of the arrests you might expect, like demonstrations, which the D.C. police and the Park Service police handle. But then, keeping the D.C. police in the embassy security business seems to violate the rule on which the Executive Protective Service was founded. In 1969, Eugene Rossides, an assistant Treasury secretary, put it eloquently: "There will be no conflict of jurisdiction or duplication of effort, due to the planning which has characterized this effort."

But there was a double effort last December when a couple of dozen demonstrators gathered at the French embassy to protest that government's ties to Ayatollah Khomeini. The Uniformed Division was there with three squad cars, the D.C. police two. It's hard to see why the extra force was necessary. When the South African embassy gets picketed, it is the D.C. police who take the congressmen off in the paddy wagon. When it comes to investigating crimes, the Uniformed Division defers to the local police.

The country club

"Sure, the boredom is there," Barnes said of the patrols. "It's something you've got to fight against." That point was underscored by two officers of the Foreign Missions branch whom I spoke with. Dirty blond, with a silver chain, Steve Suter has wrists thicker than my forearms. The son of a police officer, Suter put in seven years as a fireman in suburban Maryland before joining the Uniformed Division in 1975. He said it held other attractions besides the family ties: a 20-year retirement (now 25 years), a good salary (currently $23,487 to $33,811), and the satisfaction that comes with being more than a local or state officer. "You go to New York and the police have ripped uniforms," he said. "People will look at you and ask, and you'll say that you're a federal agent."

When he came to the Secret Service, he was given the training that every officer goes through. Currently, that's a 17-week mix of the Federal Law Enforcement Training Center in Brunswick, Georgia and the Secret Service's own academy in Beltsville, Maryland, where officers take courses in everything from "Marksmanship Fundamentals" to the "Effects of Weather Orientation." They re-enact crises on a Universal Studios ver-

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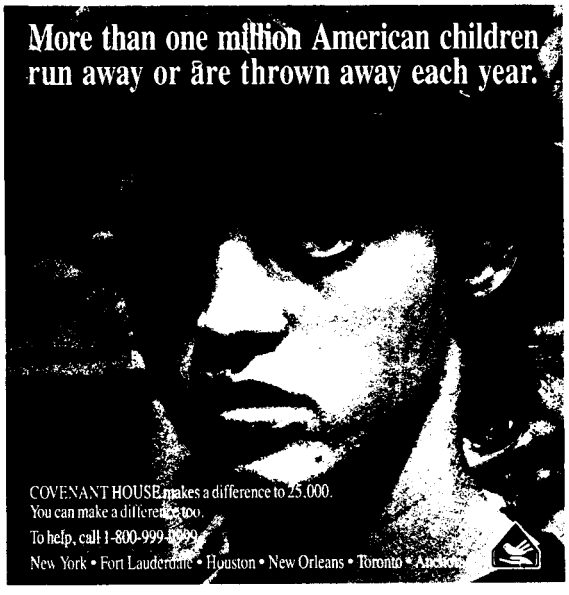
sion of a city block. Up and down "Hogan's Alley," officers have to pick off simu-terrorists without downing bystanders. Suter has been trained as a counter sniper.

Speaking of those long stints on patrol, Suter says that it requires concentration to stay alert. Some officers will take it easier while others will stand guard as if "the next wave is coming over the hill." All the officers I spoke with acknowledged that boredom was a problem. "It's out there," said Tom Mach, raised in both North Dakota and the D.C. area, where his father was an agent with the Customs Service. "You always have it in the back of your mind that there is the threat of terrorism and you remember what you were trained to do."

But there aren't a great many terrorists out there. "The people in that area are very well protected as a benefit of our being there for the embassies," said Inspector James Cottam, the head of the Foreign Missions branch of the Uniformed Division. Like Barnes, he's a huge guy. Like Barnes, he's an instantly likable guy who spends weekends with a youth group run out of his Masonic lodge, the Knights of Pythagoras. And like Barnes, he's got a puppy poster in his office. They both had been with the war zone 11th Precinct in Anacostia before coming to the Uniformed Division. "We called it 'the country club'," said Barnes. I laughed. Cottam turned serious, looking concerned that I wouldn't get it. "But it wasn't," he said.

Other parts of Washington patrolled by the Secret Service may not be a country club but they're safer than where most Washingtonians live. In the 2nd police district, a wealthy enclave that encompasses much of the Uniformed Division's beat, there were five homicides in the first 11 months of 1987; there were 57 in the 7th district in Anacostia. There were ten rapes in the 2nd district; 53 in the 7th. Your basic mugging? There were 303 aggravated assaults in the 2nd district; 959 in the 7th. Obviously, there's the chicken and the nightstick problem. The neighborhoods in the 2nd district surely have less crime because Secret Service officers cover the streets. But any part of town with art deco Thai restaurants is going to have less crime than one with crack houses.



Nixon and the Uzi

The Uniformed Division isn't just out of the line of the city's worst gunfire, it's safe from the political shots that hit most federal agencies. While it seems like a government expense that budget cutters would go after, it isn't. It's too small for cleaver-wielding groups like the National Taxpayers' Union, which has never taken a hard look at the agency. And there's no opposition group to serve as a healthy critic. While most agencies have opponents that will try to put them in a half-Nelson—think of industry and environmentalists keeping EPA in line—no one is on Massachusetts Avenue chanting, "Hey, hey, ho, ho. The Uniformed Division must be effectively monitored." The diplomats welcome the security. The Reagan administration pumps up the Secret Service budget. This year it's asking for 117 new staff positions.

And the Uniformed Division remains invisible in part because it wants to. Those at the top throw a tarp of secrecy over what seem like less than sensitive matters of national security. I asked a public affairs officer what kinds of cars the patrolmen drive. He replied: "There are four things I can't talk about—manpower, equipment, methods, and cost." This left plenty of room for discussion.

This same government-in-the-sunshine policy extends to what at any other agency would be a promotional item—the in-house magazine. At most agencies, the public affairs officers can't wait to put it your hands. At the Secret Service I was allowed to a look at copies of *Service Star* under supervision. What would the KGB or PLO learn if they stumbled on one of these? Well, they'd spy the reprint from *The Walking Magazine* on how to prevent injuries when you're

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on your feet all day. They'd get the jump on the Secret Service road race (where the start was marked by the fire of an Uzi and the finish monitored by a Park Police helicopter). And they'd see full-page warnings that read: "Eyes and Ears are not renewable resources." They'd be in on the softball picnic reunion of Richard Nixon and the agents who have been guarding him since the fifties.

Of course, there's nothing terrible about extra police protection. And it's hard to work up a lather over a small division of a small agency. But the Uniformed Division is just one of 20 federal police forces in Washington, such as the Capitol Hill Police, with 1,250 officers, and the Park Service Police, which stands at 320. All totaled there are 3,100 federal cops in Washington. The D.C. force itself has only 3,800 officers. A few hundred cops here, a few hundred there, and pretty soon you're talking serious protection. Are they all where they should be?

Some have their doubts. Nadine Winter sits on Washington's city council. Her ward includes much of Anacostia and part of Northeast Washington, including the infamous H Street corridor, a black hole for urban redevelopment programs where three years ago, Catherine Fuller, a working mother of six, was gang raped, sodomized with a metal rod, and then killed in an alley. "We ought to have uniforms in the neighborhood as a deterrent to crime," Winter said. "If you are going to have guards around the embassies just standing around, what's wrong with them standing around the buildings where the drug pushers are? I'm not of the opinion that we can't do better." □

THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY Journalism Award

for January 1988 is presented to

Barry Werth
New England Monthly

Why is college so expensive? Werth found some of the answers at Mount Holyoke, where tuition is $14,600. That is twice what it was seven years ago. Like the boards of trustees at other schools, Mount Holyoke's adhered to the "Chivas Regal" policy of educational excellence. Charging higher tuition was calculated to make Mt. Holyoke "look aggressive, confident, on the move." But no parent need fear their savings are being squandered. The school has invested $1.8 million in a state-of-the-art equestrian facility and $100,000 to refurbish the living and dining rooms of the president's residence.

The Minneapolis Tribune

Why is government so expensive? A team of *Tribune* reporters showed the admirable ways Minnesota's state and local governments spend their money, such as financing the nation's most generous Medicaid program for the poor. But Minnesota also subsidizes the wealthy. For instance, property tax relief is granted to wealthy school districts that float bonds for capital improvement. That subsidy is part of the reason why the leading 10 percent of school districts in terms of spending dropped $3,413 on capital expenditures and facilities per pupil and the bottom 10 percent spent just $286. And it is hard to see how the poor are helped in the city of Grove Heights, where municipal workers are paid to shovel the sidewalks of homeowners.

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The Greek Chorus

Jimmy the Greek got it wrong but so did his critics

by Jonathan Rowe

After Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder spoke his views on pro sports and race before a Washington, D.C. TV camera last January, Dave Anderson of *The New York Times* called Snyder "crude" and "dumb." Carl T. Rowan, writing in *The Washington Post*, compared him to Goebbels. A cartoon in *The Boston Globe* showed a hooded Klansman consoling Snyder with the words, "I certainly didn't find you offensive."

In all, more than 1,200 articles appeared around the country, according to WRC-TV in Washington, the station that interviewed Snyder. Jesse Jackson met with Snyder to receive a highly publicized confession of error. CBS Sports, where Snyder (his real name is Demetrius Synodinus) was pro football's bookie-in-residence, promptly handed him his walking papers.

It was almost an eerie replay of the episode last April when Al Campanis, then an executive with the Los Angeles Dodgers, asserted on "Nightline" that blacks don't have more jobs in management because they aren't qualified for them.

Except for one thing. My first inkling that there was something different about the Jimmy the Greek affair came the following evening when I was listening to a sports call-in show in Boston. The affair had dominated the talk shows that day, and despite Boston's checkered reputation on racial matters callers sided overwhelmingly with CBS. One station found that 80 percent of its listeners agreed that Snyder deserved to go.

Then a man called from Roxbury, the predominately black area that recently tried to secede from the white-controlled city. He called himself Ali and he said, "Jimmy the Greek said nothing but what was true."

Jonathan Rowe is a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly.

"The guy asked him a question. He told the truth and they do not want to hear the truth."

The uproar, of course, began on Martin Luther King's birthday, when a reporter for WRC-TV caught Snyder at lunch in a Washington restaurant. The reporter asked him what he thought of the civil rights record of pro sports. In a rueful tone Snyder replied that whites were holding on to coaching jobs because, with blacks dominating the playing fields, management was the only role left for them. He added that young black athletes work harder than their white counterparts.

Finally—and this caused the most outcry—he said that black athletic prowess dates back to slavery. The slave owner, he said, would "breed his big black to his big black woman so that he would have a big black kid."

It was pretty bad. And Snyder made matters worse by talking about what he termed "the thigh situation," which he said helped to account for black success. With this, even while stating the opposite, Snyder managed to invoke the old racist canard that gifted black athletes don't have to work or think the way white athletes do.

Feeling edgy

Still I'll confess to feeling slightly sorry for this seventy-year-old man self-destructing before the television camera. There seemed to be a lack of malice, an innocence almost, in the way he bared the sentiments of the culture in which he had been raised. CBS, after all, had hired Snyder to play the questionable role of rogue ethnic bookie to begin with. (Brent Musberger always addressed him as "the Greek," or sometimes just "Greek.") So in a sense, they were getting what they bargained for.

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Snyder was right, moreover, about the reason blacks aren't getting more jobs in coaching and management. Some commentators compared him to Campanis, but Campanis said that blacks weren't qualified for front office jobs. Snyder gave the real reason: whites want to keep those jobs for themselves. He said this in his typically inelegant fashion, but he was honest.

CBS had good reason to feel edgy about Snyder's comments on this score. The National Basketball Association may be three-quarters black, but the CBS broadcast team consists of Dick Stockton, Billy Cunningham, and Pat O'Brien, all of whom are white.

This year, heart disease and stroke will kill another 200,000 Americans before age 65.

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"If CBS is so concerned about the race problem," Ray Greene, football coach and athletic director of Alabama A&M, told the Associated Press, "why don't they hire more blacks in their upper echelon?" William Raspberry, the *Post* columnist, made this point as well in one of the more thoughtful of the Greek commentaries.

None of this makes Snyder's statements, taken together, defensible. Only that, perhaps, some measure of forgiveness was in order. But I was totally unprepared for the view expressed by Ali from Roxbury. And he wasn't alone.

Greene of Alabama A&M, for example, said that Snyder "was speaking the truth."

"You can't change history," Greene said. "He was accurate about the breeding process." I heard numerous other comments along this line. Like many whites, I had vaguely supposed the whole subject to be inherently racist. Yet here were blacks treating it as a simple matter of historical inquiry. Perhaps we are more ready to discuss such issues than we give ourselves credit for.

It's not a pleasant subject. In fact, it is one of the most shameful chapters of our national history. But there is just enough historical basis to the breeding notion to see how the street theories of a Jimmy the Greek get started. Frederick Douglass is one former slave who described these practices. In his autobiographical *Narrative*, Douglass describes a young landowner named Covey, just starting out in life, who could only afford one slave. So he bought a woman named Caroline, "a large able-bodied woman about twenty years old."

"Shocking as is the fact," Douglass wrote, "he bought her, as he said, for a *breeder.*" Then Covey went out and rented a married male slave, "And him he used to fasten up with Caroline every night! The result was that at the end of the year, the miserable woman gave birth to twins." A similar account appears in a series of narratives assembled by Fisk University in Nashville. "They would buy a fine girl and a fine man and just put them together like cattle," one former slave recalled. "They would not stop to marry them. If she was a good breeder, they was proud of her. I was stout and they were saving me for a breeding woman, but by the time I was big enough I was free."

This slave recalled another man in Nashville who "had a regular farm of slaves—he'd just raise them to sell." A former slave, Elige Davidson, told the story from the male side. "Massa he bring some more woman to see me. He wouldn't

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The Snyder bashing showed a dark side to the nation's antiracism, an intolerance and a frequent incapacity to discuss the issue of race at all.

let me have just one woman. I have about fifteen and I don't know how many chillen."

The economics of slavery encouraged such practices. The federal government banned the African slave trade in 1807, which put a premium on the offspring of existing slaves. Moreover, in the later years, slavery became a losing proposition in states such as Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky not given to huge plantations. Slave owners there saw breeding as their only option. "The chief pecuniary resource in the border states is the breeding of slaves," wrote the son of a slave holder near Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Virginia alone exported between 6,000 and 15,000 slaves a year in the early decades of the nineteenth century, causing Thomas Dew, a professor at William and Mary College, to proclaim it "a Negro raising state for other states."

Anecdotal evidence

Newspapers of the day reflected these concerns. "She is very prolific in her generating qualities," said an ad for a twenty-year-old woman in the *Charleston Mercury*, "and affords a rare opportunity for any person who wishes to raise a family of strong and healthy servants."

In fact some southern apologists cited slave breeding as evidence of the owners' husbandry and care. "The breeding woman," wrote one slave owner's son, "he was always careful should never be worked too hard or in any way strained."

That's the kind of anecdotal evidence he would have found had Snyder perused the stacks at his local research library. Scholars disagree, however, regarding how extensive such practices were. James Horton, a history professor at George Washington University, says that they were only "scattered."

"There was nothing like systematic breeding in this country," he says.

Michael Blakey, an anthropologist at Howard University and at the Smithsonian Institute, disagrees. But he makes a crucial distinction. Breeding was common, he says, but slave owners weren't backyard Mendels, scientifically producing efficient field hands. They were simply trying to get more slaves. "It was pure and simple a matter of reproducing large numbers rather than body types," he says. "That kind of breeding couldn't possibly lead to any difference in athletic ability."

This is especially so considering that some of the breeding involved the slave owners themselves. The slave states had decreed that the offspring of such liasons take the legal status of their mothers, not their fathers—"to make a gratification of their wicked desires profitable as well as pleasurable," as Frederick Douglass trenchantly observed. Whatever the breeders felt they were accomplishing, it was surely undone by the legacy of knock-kneed, uncoordinated, and oversexed white slave owners.

Most important of all, the very premise of a black body type is suspect to begin with. "Afro-Americans are one of the most genetically diverse peoples in the world," Blakey says. "The variations within [the black-skinned population] are greater than the difference between [black-and white-skinned people.]" So while breeding of a type did occur, Jimmy the Greek was out in left field in his estimation of its effects.

That said, there are people who are not racists who think there might be a connection of some kind between the experience of slavery and the role of black athletes in sports today. Calvin Hill, the black Yale graduate and former pro football star, for example, told *Sports Illustrated* back in the seventies, "Think of what the African slaves were forced to endure in this country merely to survive. Well, black athletes are their descendents."

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Maybe there's something to it, maybe not. I'm not sure it makes a great deal of difference. Certainly people at the bottom of the social ladder have always seen sports as a way up; and this is especially so for blacks who have seen other alternatives foreclosed. Whatever the role of history, a hundred other things are involved, such as self-discipline and capacity for hard work and whatever effect the experience of slavery may have had is diminishing with each passing year.

I can't pretend to understand all the cross currents of class and race at work on this issue. But Snyder's views on slavery and its legacy are held in one form or another by many Americans, black as well as white. Inadvertently, he gave us a rare opportunity to haul these troublesome notions out of the recesses of the national psyche, separate fact from fiction, and in doing so put them to rest.

Instead, the nation's opinion establishment reveled in its thrashing of Jimmy the Greek. It was a great opportunity to put righteous indignation on display. Perhaps there's cause for comfort that Snyder's views would bring such a severe rebuke. But, the Snyder bashing showed a dark side to the nation's anti-racism as well, an intolerance and a frequent incapacity to discuss the issue of race at all.

"I think it is very important to continue to discuss this," says Blakey, speaking of the commonly perceived connection between physical abilities and race. "The questions are still there."

Rather than deal with these issues, we conducted a mass exorcism. "What we have here," says Sam Smith, editor of the D.C. *Gazette*, "is a blatant example of how we handle the race problems in this country. We erase them when they arise instead of talking about them and dealing with them." Racial progress consists not only in ending unfair discrimination but also in the ability to discuss our differences—even fictional differences—without becoming unglued. □

WHO'S WHO

The nomination of **W. Allen Moore** as undersecretary of commerce for international trade left some disappointed suitors in its wake. Among them was **Kempton B. Jenkins**, a former foreign service officer and assistant secretary of state, who was considered too sympathetic to U.S.-Russian trade by conservative Republicans, and **J. Mitchell Farren**, who was opposed by the Japanese, whose leading lobbyist is **William H. Morris**, an old friend of **Howard Baker**, the White House chief of staff.

Jenkins did win a consolation prize. **C. William Verity**, the secretary of commerce, has asked him to assemble a "kitchen cabinet," including **Richard Darman**, the former Reagan White House aide and deputy secretary of the treasury, who is now on Wall Street, **Harold Burson**, the head of a large public relations firm, and **Anne Wexler**, the former Carter White House aide who is now a leading lobbyist.

The Commerce appointments are unusual in that they represent action by an administration that, on the personnel front at least, has been notably inactive lately. Half of the assistant secretaryships at HUD are vacant, as are one-third at Energy and 11 of 38 at the Pentagon. Some perhaps unduly cynical Washingtonians are suggesting that one reason for the unusual activity in personnel moves at Commerce is that it has included a higher job, deputy secretary, for **Donna C. Tuttle**, who just happens to be the spouse of **Robert H. Tuttle**, the White House personnel director. . . .

While it is safe to predict that Secretary of Transportation **James H. Burnley IV**'s conservatism will generally have a bad effect on safety because he's hostile to regulation, his conservatism has led him to one very important step toward making the skies safer that a liberal might have been much more reluctant to take. He is requiring random drug testing of airline crews, mechanics, and security personnel. Burnley is also prodding the FAA to improve airport security measures. One veteran observer was led to comment: "It may be that we should give the Naders control of regulation but leave the drugs and security to conservatives like Burnley."

In—*White House*: Assistant to the President for Legislative Affairs—**Alan Kranowitz**. *Commerce*: Chief of Staff—**Marc G. Stanley**. Deputy Secretary—**Donna F. Tuttle**. Undersecretary for International Trade—**W. Allen Moore**. Undersecretary for Oceans and Atmosphere—**William Evans**. *Defense*: Secretary of the Navy—**William L. Ball III**. *Energy*: Assistant Secretary for Environment, Safety, and Health—**Ernest C. Baynard**. *Transportation*: General Counsel—**Wayne Vance**. Chief of Staff—**Melinda L. Sidak**. *Agencies and Commissions*: President and Chief Executive Officer, Federal Asset Disposition Association—**Gerald P. Carmen**.

Out—*White House*: Special Assistant to the President for Legislative Affairs—**Ronald K. Sable**. *Commerce*: Undersecretary for International Trade—**Bruce Smart**. *Defense*: Undersecretary of the Army—**James R. Ambrose**. Secretary of the Navy—**James H. Webb Jr.** *Agencies and Commissions*: Administrator, National Aeronautic and Space Administration—**James C. Fletcher**.

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TIDBITS AND OUTRAGES

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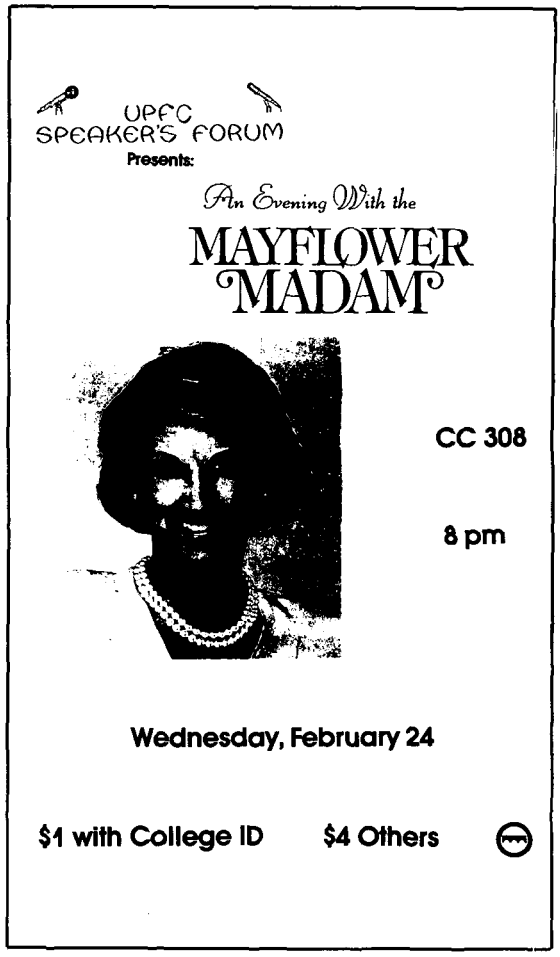

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He bemoans the life of the upper class but can't tear himself away from the dinner parties

Lewis Lapham's Lament

by Suzannah Lessard

Wealth and status are difficult subjects. They are so personal. At the very beginning of *Money and Class in America*,* Lewis Lapham writes:

> On more than one occasion I have passed the night in earnest argument with a number of otherwise intelligent people who, although they thought they were talking about money and class, were talking about something else. Only at the end, when the wine was gone and the host was no longer speaking to most of the guests, did it occur to the company still in the room that one of us had been talking about freedom, another about his lost youth, another about God.

I can see how lost youth is entangled with the subject because class is a quintessentially family matter—and so is wealth, though to a lesser extent. It's because of this family connection, in my view, that the topic is so personal, painful, and seemingly deep. I think I know how freedom comes into it. Money can make us free, but the wish for money, and even the possession of it, can also imprison us, as can our family, or class background. Lapham's book tells us quite a lot about this. As for the connection between money and class and God, this is never clarified. Perhaps he means that our concepts of Providence originate in childhood and can be dictated by the class and wealth of one's family. It's very easy to confuse inherited wealth with an idea of Providence-endowed superiority—when in fact it may well be a fate of separation from one's true self, of choicelessness, a test of the soul. Or perhaps Lapham just means that when we talk about money and class we end up talking about all sorts of basically unrelated matters that have a deep meaning for us. "We assign spiritual meanings to the text of money," he writes. This is an inspired but imprecise book.

It is also an angry, obsessed book, propelled by pent-up energy. Like the dinner party he describes at the beginning, it rarely seems to be quite about what it's really about. His polished but driven style gives the impression that he can't stop talking, that he was talking this way for a long time before he started writing the book, and that he has gone on talking since. I also got the funny feeling that he had been talking to the very people he is writing about, and they said, "That's brilliant. You should write a book!" The book raises the question, "If you think these people are so lousy, why are you hanging around with them?"

Lapham says a number of times that he was born into "the precincts of wealth," in just that phrase. But the fact is that there are many attractive alternatives to upper-class society these days. Judging from the book, Lapham has never in his life had to worry about being on the right guest list. His problem is how to get off the lists. Wherever "there" is, he is always there, always

Suzannah Lessard is a staff writer for The New Yorker *and a contributing editor of* The Washington Monthly.

**Money and Class in America.* Lewis H. Lapham. *Weidenfeld and Nicholson, $18.95.*

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aloof, observant of the foibles and anxieties of others, always presenting himself as objective where others are lost. His condescension toward the people whose society he has chosen is disturbing. In a way this book can be read as a tour de force of snobbery. By the end the most elite circles are laid to waste, leaving only the author standing. At the least, the contradiction creates a weakness in the book and a falseness in the outrage that is its dominant theme.

But all this doesn't mean that Lewis Lapham himself is false. I'm inclined to believe that his predicament is a true one. He plunges his sword over and over again into the heart of the monster who holds him captive, but nothing happens. The monster does not die and Lewis Lapham is not free; he is only going to more dinner parties. So all he can do is stab again, and he does, indefatigably. At times I felt that if he really wished to free himself from his class background he would tell us a little more about himself, about who he really is and what he really cares about. As he is not a prisoner of external forces, the key to freedom surely lies within himself. But he doesn't do this. Perhaps he can't do this. He emerges as a captive who has been given a voice and can shout very loud but has no freedom of choice. He emerges as a strange inversion of Don Quixote, protesting wildly against real enemies but rooted to the spot, himself having become the windmill.

That said, I found a great deal of what he has to say stimulating and worthwhile. His basic premise is that rich people are empty, insatiably greedy, and terminally materialistic. He says this in many different ways, through anecdotes, through wit, through frontal attack. Sometimes he's silly and sometimes he's brilliant—but since he's always going at 70 miles an hour it doesn't matter which, because it goes by so fast.

He can be funny, too. Of the tendency of corporation executives to seek the extra status of celebrity by doing commercials for their own products, he writes that "learning to talk to a television camera is the equivalent of learning to talk to the Duc D'Orleans." Tattling on the San Francisco Club, where money is washed before it is returned to members as change, he points out that laundering money is a favorite American pastime. In a witty breakdown of the differences between Old Money and New Money, my favorite item is that the Old Money goes to great pains to treat the servants as equals while the New Money screams at the cook. "To the new money the cook is still real." He is especially cruel to Old Money, telling its secrets, and cruelest of all, lumping it with New Money. For example, he equates "the wish to appear convincing in an old duck-shooting hat while talking to a potato farmer about the prospects of an early winter" (Old Money) with "the wish to appear convincing on a dais at the Waldorf, preferably seated next to Barbara Streisand or Ed Meese" (New Money). He speaks of the absurd rituals of an august men's club in the same tone as he speaks of the parvenu hostess who says "Thackeray is always blue," meaning that this is so of the books bought by the yard by a certain chic decorator. He calls corporation presidents and eccentric aunts equally to account for narcissism and disconnection from reality.

Money changes everything

His thesis is that the materialistic tone of the very rich sets the tone for all of us, and indeed he often strays rather far afield from the precincts of wealth into the precincts of power, celebrity, and journalism. Something strong rose from this book despite its flaws, a palpable sense of the greed in the air we breathe, a sense of how we have been stupefied by materialism, especially in the last decade or so.

I don't know when in the book this came about. Perhaps it was the mention of the Madison Avenue butcher who stocks hippopotamus, nilgai, and chamois. Perhaps it was the story of Lapham's journalist friend who confessed that his terror of flying left him when someone who owned or controlled assets in excess of $500 million was aboard. Perhaps it was when he remarked that the rich are never satisfied, that there is never enough, and for a split second I saw that this was true, that if you get to the point of having to relieve your boredom with steak by eating nilgai, then nilgai will not be enough.

Along the way I began to be aware of something like a noise that I had mistaken for silence, the presence in the air of the imperative that says "Want" and "More." I began to think about the power that just the mention of large figures can have to dwarf the rest of life. Somebody says, "He got a quarter of a million for his book without writing a word," and suddenly the rest of the writing community seems reduced to the status of children. I thought about how the entrance of a wealthy person can change the atmosphere in a room; of how a person can seem different from other people if he is rich. I thought about ads,

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and credit cards, and the sharp desire that comes along every so often to have something very, very expensive, simply because it is expensive. (It's important to know how to satisfy this urge with bath salts rather than a Mercedes.) I thought about the difficulty I have from time to time when a contemporary achieves or marries in the upper reaches of wealth. I thought about my small son, in whose undefended soul the best minds on Madison Avenue are striving to carve the void of *craving*. Dealing honestly and effectively with this force is one of the most complex problems in child-raising these days. Sex and death, comparatively, are a breeze. How does one teach a child that the cornucopia of a consumer society is lots of fun (which it plainly is to him), but that's all it is? How does one arm him against the cycle of dissatisfaction without at the same time indoctrinating him with a pretentious and untruthful Puritanism? How does one teach him that money is grand but that attributing powers to it that it doesn't have can be lethal? How does one preserve his freedom of choice?

Lapham writes, "Obsession with money dulls the capacity for feeling and thought." His book makes you paranoid about greed in the way one can get paranoid about toxins in the food. One knows that toxins are present; the trick is to know at what point worrying about toxins becomes a disease in itself.

The difference between Lapham's book and *The Founding Fortunes* by Michael Patrick Allen* is amusing. The gent and the outsider, they would make a good comedy team. The gent is in a stylish froth, the outsider is imperturbably dull. Allen is a professor of sociology at Washington State University (Lapham, of course, is the editor of *Harper's* magazine) and his book, studiedly neutral in tone, structured, full of even, word-processed research out of the library, rather than life, is so cleansed of detail, color, and human interest that one begins to feel that one has left life altogether for some kind of sociologist's hereafter. Unlike Lapham, who believes that we are really all just like the rich, and who talks to us as if we know what nilgai is, Allen's tone suggests that until recently he had never heard of rich people and is sure that we haven't either. "The homes of the corporate rich are generally much larger and more expensive than ordinary homes," he writes. "Indeed, many of these homes are so large they can only be called mansions." This pseudo-naivete, or whatever it is, gives the book the air of exposing some hitherto unsuspected evil, namely that the rich have a lot of money, that they manage to keep it by hiring good tax lawyers, that they have more power than other Americans because they contribute to campaigns, own newspapers, and set up philanthropic organizations to retain power over money that would otherwise go to the government. I don't know about you, but I knew this.

**The Founding Fortune: A New Anatomy of the Super-Rich Families in America.* Michael Patrick Allen. *Dutton, $22.50.*

All in the family

Unlike Lapham, who is a whirling dervish of opinion, Allen is so coy that he never states in his own words that he personally feels that it's bad for the rich to be rich and powerful. In the beginning of the book he writes, "As G. William Domhoff puts it, 'legally the government is all of us, but members of the upper class have the predominant, all-pervasive influence.'" At the end of the book, he writes:

> In the final analysis, the issue is not whether the corporate rich in America have lost any important battles, but whether they have lost the war. For the members of these families, the most important war is the war for wealth. Although the corporate rich have lost some significant political battles, such as the imposition of progressive transfer taxes, they have certainly not lost the war for wealth.

By reading between the lines, I think that we can deduce that Allen feels that this state of affairs is bad. Occasionally disapproval seeps through his man-from-Mars impartiality, as when he writes, "The practice of naming male scions for their illustrious forebears represents a form of ancestor worship for wealthy families." One could even say that spleen appears in a ghostly form when he says that these famous names give the rich an advantage when they enter politics and that they achieve success only after adopting "pedestrian nicknames," like "Jay" and "Pete," as if there was something underhanded about this. This is an example of the flimsier material in the book; some of it is quite solid. It's true that the rich have more money and power than other people, one can see that, but somehow in the form that Allen gives this situation it is really hard to care.

Allen's approach to the rich is strictly through their money: how they make it, how they keep it, how they spend it, how they hide it, how they bequeath it. The result of this approach is that

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his book is all about families, and this, in my opinion, is where its interest lies. First, I found it fascinating that Lapham, who was born into the upper class and therefore belongs to it by virtue of being a member of a family, never mentions families, while Allen, who sounds like he was born in a laboratory, sees this class entirely in terms of families. Secondly, what Allen describes is quite interesting, not, to me, for what it shows about the undue influence of the rich but for the shapes that the family takes in this context of great wealth. For example, he points out that tax avoidance devices, like generation-skipping trusts, in which income goes to one generation and capital to the next at some far-distant-future time, brings about a situation in which you can't really say at any given moment to whom the money belongs: you can say only that it belongs to "the family."

As Allen discusses how families rise in social status through generations, another surprising difference between him and Lapham emerges, for where Lapham revels in destroying snobbish distinctions between breeding and riches, Allen is downright fastidious in pointing out that money is not all that is needed for entry into the "upper class." Indeed some members of the upper class don't have a lot of money themselves (what they have is "cultural capital"), and these new multi-millionaires who come along are often shunned as crude and unscrupulous characters. Here Allen's muffled opprobrium of the social climbing of the corporate rich has the effect of making him seem to approve of this exclusive upper class. Suddenly he seems to be qualifying to be Mrs. Astor's secretary.

As he goes on with the story, it is the second generation to whom the job of entering society falls, and this is done by acquiring "cultural capital," to wit, the right clothes, accent, and conversation (knowing not to say that Thackeray is always blue). This is achieved by going to the right schools, copying the right people, and marrying the right people. Though you'd never know it from Allen's book, this endeavor to enter a higher class by acquiring manners and taste wasn't invented by the newly super-rich. Social climbing is every bit as American as the drive to be rich—in fact it is one of the great motives *behind* the drive to be rich. This has always been so.

What has changed is the cost of improving one's class status. It used to be possible to live on the Upper East Side of Manhattan for a little more than elsewhere, but not much more. Tuitions at private schools used to be serious costs, but not extravagant ones. Minor works of art by known artists were once easily in the range of the middle-class pocketbook. Costs in these areas today are astronomical, which may be one of the reasons for our growing obsession with money and the resulting atmosphere of greed. In other words, class mobility into the upper echelons has become prohibitively expensive, drawing our society into a crisis in which we will either have to blow out in an apoplexy of avarice or simply learn to stop caring about class.

But to return to Allen and the ways of the super-rich, his enumeration of their habits builds to one of his favorite themes, which is that the families of the rich cohere to a much greater extent and longer than other families. They tend to live near each other, they go to regular family reunions, they share staffs that handle their wealth for them. His case is looking good until he startles us with his Martian affect: suddenly he seems to have barely heard of families at all. To him it strains belief, for example, that first cousins would know each other. That second cousins should have contact is, evidently, a sure sign of depravity. It is, in any event, in his view, a custom practiced only by the rich. In my experience, families cohere for lots of reasons, among them a sense of heritage and connectedness, a sense of safety, an obsession with its their myths, a set of special business relationships, and special brands of insanity that make it difficult for members to associate comfortably with anyone else. But I have no trouble believing that they also cohere because of the dictates of wealth, and while I disagree with Allen's apparent feeling that family coherence is in itself unnatural, it's true that his mini-histories of our richest families makes them seem rather lugubrious.

Free at last

What one sees in these stories is a kind of fate entrapping the progeny of the entrepreneur. *He* has some autonomy, some fun, some freedom of choice. *His* story is a real story that arises out of his character make-up and how he responds to the hazards of life. But his children and grandchildren seem to be born into prefabricated destinies, in which everything they do, where they live, whom they marry, how they spend their time and with whom, and even how they spend their money (tax avoidance must ever be kept in mind, as well as investment value) are heavily dictated by the imperatives of wealth. They are born into

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the gelatinous substance of these families held together by money, from which they must struggle to escape for generations.

Escape does come, though gradually. By the third generation the family is socially secure. By the fourth some freedom and individuality comes back. Family members feel more free to marry whom they please, rather than other rich or socially prominent people, and family control of the original corporation has also often slipped away by this time so that they do not have this common interest. The family may cohere still, but with far less solidarity. In fact, an uneasiness with the family association may have set in. In a rare touch of color, Allen quotes a Rockefeller cousin as saying, "Within the family one hardly ever talks about who we are without our Rockefeller identity." That identity, in that sentence, sounds to me like a burden. It is at this level and beyond that Lapham's predicament emerges. In fact, as a fourth-generation heir to the Texaco fortune he fits right into Allen's scheme. (I learned of the Texaco connection elsewhere. He doesn't even tell us this much about himself.) His kind of contradictory distress, anger, and entrapment is as much a part of the American story as that of the immigrant who is clever and hardworking and becomes rich.

I came to the point in Allen's stories where the families began to dissolve with relief. It is as if soul began to escape like butterflies. Those instances in which families disintegrate quickly seemed like instances of a benign fate. There is a sadness in this relief, because it makes everything seem so pointless—that after all is said and done, the great thing is to escape and be ordinary. The peculiar sadness of these stories is an American one, because making lots of money is the American dream. In a way it's all there is. Allen's book is not nearly as much fun to read as Lapham's, but in its dry way it reveals the emptiness at the heart of our culture more effectively.

Of both these books one can say that they make you glad that you are not rich. Even if that is something you might change your mind about if you had different information, it feels good to be positively glad not to be rich. It's freeing. It is also an interesting moment to read about and think about the whole matter of riches and greed in our society. With the shock of the crash still in our bones and the deluded atmosphere of the Reagan years lingering on, it's a moment of change in which it is possible to see that we have been soaking in materialism and have become dull in a way and blind.

I happened to read these books right after *Rachel and Her Children*, Jonathan Kozol's gripping book about the homeless. The effect was not the hackneyed one of shock that such disparities could exist (although the *information* in Kozol's book is shocking) or of wishing to reform society by taking from the rich to give to the poor. (All the numbers tell us that the real heft of redistribution has to come from the middle class.) The effect was simply that the rich have become irrelevant, that the whole tool of analysis of society by the standards of class and money has become much less interesting and potent in today's reality.

One of the striking elements in Kozol's book is that he tells the stories of how individuals become homeless. It doesn't take much. Husband and wife both get sick at the same time. House burns down and insurance company doesn't pay. Stories like this make one see that homelessness doesn't belong to another world, that the strata of our society are porous, that it would be possible to become homeless oneself. A coincidence of this and that and one evening you are sitting with your children waiting for an assignment to a shelter. After that you are trapped in a combination of dire need and insane bureaucracy, from which it is nearly impossible to emerge.

When I read later about the fate of becoming rich, it seemed in a way not unlike the fate of becoming homeless. It's a fate. It takes away freedom of choice. It seemed to me that both these fates took place in something larger, a certain atmosphere in which sensibilities were dulled and values askew. In this atmosphere, which can be called an atmosphere of greed for the sake of brevity, some people become homeless and some people become rich, and there, but for the grace of God, go the rest of us.

But it doesn't really matter if you are rich and I am not. It does matter, a lot, if I have no house or if you have no house. It also matters very much if, because I live in an anesthetized and deluded state, I don't notice that you have no house. This matters very much to me as well as to you. The whole level of my existence is debased by it. I am as helpless as you.

I hope we are turning a corner, that we have had enough of this sleep, that we are going to emerge from this miasma soon and take responsibility (which is, after all, a sign of freedom) for the economic and social problems that really need solving and that are within our power to solve. As for the rich, I fear that they will have to devise solutions for themselves. □

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The Conservative Mind

William Buckley

He could be a great thinker, but he's too busy running to the airport

by Nicholas Lemann

No doubt William F. Buckley's friends will wonder why he allowed John Judis, a member of the staff of the socialist weekly *In These Times*, to have access to his papers and thus to become at least his quasi-official biographer. It may have been just vanity on Buckley's part (the urge to be the subject of a book is a powerful one), but, judging from the result, Buckley made a smart decision. This is a thorough, fair, insightful, and even affectionate book;* if it turns out to be the only Buckley biography, there's no need for anyone to feel short-changed.

Judis must have decided at the outset that he was going to refrain from making overt value judgments about Buckley's political views. He reports what Buckley thinks with a kind of eerie objectivity—you'd never know from this book what Judis's own opinions are. (If you already know that Judis is a man of the left, though, you can see that he takes pleasure in quoting Buckley, especially the McCarthyite young Buckley, tak-

(continued on page 44)

Nicholas Lemann, national correspondent for The Atlantic, *is a contributing editor of* The Washington Monthly.

William F. Buckley, Jr. Patron Saint of the Conservatives. John B. Judis. *Simon and Schuster, $22.95.*

Patrick Buchanan

He can be a likable character but his politics are poisonous

by James Fallows

I think this book* is going to backfire on Pat Buchanan. It's a good-humored, childhood-to-early-manhood memoir that humanizes the famous attack dog of the right, making him more understandable, likable, even endearing in a "what a character!" way. But even as Buchanan's self-portrait softens the sharp edges of his personality, it brings into focus exactly what is objectionable about his role in politics. Pat Buchanan, this book makes clear, is not a political activist so much as a religious crusader. The combination of his brawler's temperament, the scorched-earth debating style he learned at home and school, and the dogmatic world view he retains from the fifties-era Catholic Church all help him bring to American politics the same tender reasonableness the Ayatollah brought to Iran. The constancy of Buchanan's *personal* faith is admirable. It also accounts for the most moving sections of this book, when he discusses his older brother's death and his own reflections as he nears his fiftieth birthday this fall. But when

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Right From The Beginning. Patrick J. Buchanan. *Houghton Mifflin, $18.95.*

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Buckley

(continued from page 42)

ing non-respectable stands on issues like segregation, academic freedom, universal suffrage, and loyalty oaths—See, Judis seems to be saying to liberals and moderates who feel unthreatened by Reaganism, this is what conservatives *really* want.) To the extent that Judis has any evident bias, it's a radical's preference for movement politics over the compromised center, and there he and Buckley are on common ground. Judis's great complaint about Buckley—that he hasn't lived up to his potential for political seriousness because he has become so involved in being a celebrity—is one born out of admiration for the fire Buckley used to have. If Judis thought Buckley were a pernicious influence on American life, presumably he would feel that the more Buckley books about his trans-Atlantic sailing trips, the better.

The reason that Buckley deserves all this attention, so much more than is usually accorded to people who write syndicated columns and run political magazines, is simple: he is the man who made conservatism—not electoral Republicanism, but conservatism as a system of ideas—respectable in post-World War II America. It is difficult to reconstruct today (thanks, in part, to the success of Buckley's career) how utterly discredited, how embarrassing, conservatism seemed in the early fifties. The thinking class had been almost entirely liberal for at least two generations, if not since the Gilded Age. The great conservative political causes of the preceding two decades—opposition to the New Deal and to American entry into World War II—seemed patently venal and wrong. There were certainly a lot of conservatives, but their public voices belonged to midwestern isolationists who might as well have been invented by liberal parodists (Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, Colonel Robert R. McCormick); southern segregationists; and Babbitt-like local automobile dealers drinking scotches at the country club. Whittaker Chambers, who now appears to have been the great conservative intellectual of the time, was a man who looked like a mental-hospital escapee and was best known for rooting around in a pumpkin patch in the middle of the night. Nobody was making a persuasive case for conservatism based on the national interest or higher morality.

When Buckley burst on the scene with the publication of *God and Man at Yale* in 1951, he seemed at first glance to be the epitome of conservative nonrespectability—a nut attacking one of the bulwark institutions of the Establishment and being attacked almost universally in return. But he was onto something in saying that liberal universities were hostile to religion, and, perhaps for this reason, the criticism of him had a defensive quality (McGeorge Bundy, then the dean of the faculty at Harvard, was not above working a barely veiled gibe at Buckley's Catholicism into an article on "God and Man" in *The Atlantic Monthly*). Even as he was being vilified, Buckley as a figure made an immense impact. He was handsome, funny, and bright, three qualities that were sorely lacking even in tolerable conservatives like Robert Taft and Russell Kirk. He not only had read Edmund Burke but even sounded a little like Edmund Burke, thanks to a year he spent at a prep school in England. While most conservatives directed their arguments to an audience of well-to-do, middle-aged men, Buckley appealed to rebellious, idealistic young people.

Especially after the founding of *National Review* in 1955, Buckley worked hard to prune from conservatism its most unattractive aspects. The first of these was anti-Semitism, which was a running theme of the conservative magazines and organizations of the day. Buckley's father was an ardent anti-Semite, and several of his siblings once burned a cross on the lawn of a Jewish resort, but Buckley's own record is completely free of anti-Semitism. Nor was he ever an isolationist; his closest political colleagues were not America Firsters but ex-leftists whose main concern was a forceful American role in the world. All through the fifties Buckley defended segregation, but by the early sixties he had moved to a position in favor of legal civil rights for blacks. During the same period, he broke decisively with the John Birch Society. Though he began his career as an unyielding reactionary, he moved steadily toward Chambers's and James Burnham's view that conservatives should make accommodations to the real world of politics in order to have more influence.

In any kind of movement, political craziness and sectarianism are constant threats. Long after the fifties, the right was still full of kooks; throughout Buckley's career, close friends peeled off into third-party politics, Christian politics, and even violent anti-abortion politics. Buckley has consistently tried to create that rare entity in American politics, an -ism that does not seem threatening or weird.

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As early as 1951, Buckley dropped a book idea because it would require too much research. Today he maintains a schedule that makes work of lasting value impossible.

Certainly, though, Buckley's public personality has been more important than his positions on the issues in legitimizing conservatism. Here we need to call a spade a spade. Buckley may be witty, erudite, and charming, but he would not have made it this far without having snob appeal too. The place that Buckley occupies in the universe of people who appear regularly on television, the part he is playing, is not The Conservative, it's The Aristocrat. The accent, the ten-dollar words, the languor, the dinner-party mannerisms—all these play to most people's idea of what a member of the upper class is like. The question of whether there is really any such thing as an American aristocrat, and whether the grandson of a south Texas county sheriff could qualify, is thorny but immaterial. Buckley pushes the button.

Bonding with liberals

The group most disarmed by Buckley's upper-class aura was liberal intellectuals, whose deep and enduring disfavor could have kept him out of the mainstream of American life. Buckley came along at a time when these intellectuals had just about let go of the last shred of the love for the common man they had proclaimed throughout the Depression and the war. They renamed him—"mass man"—and saw him as dull-witted, culturally backward, conformist, materialistic, and even proto-fascist. Buckley shared the intellectuals' distaste for Dwight Eisenhower and the ethos of the fifties. His dream was a country run by thinkers, not businessmen; purely economic conservatives like Ayn Rand repelled him. Buckley's idea, adapted from Albert Jay Nock, that only a tiny elite was truly equipped to understand the world, was surely one that by the end of the fifties most liberal intellectuals shared, even if, unlike Buckley, they didn't dare voice it publicly.

Buckley's friends were always intellectuals, and as he dropped his more extreme views, he also widened his social circle to include liberal writers like Norman Mailer and John Kenneth Galbraith. Viscerally, most conservatives wouldn't have been comfortable with these people; Buckley was. Most conservatives regarded the sixties as a hellish time; Buckley loved them. Most conservatives see Manhattan as an evil foreign power grafted onto our wholesome land; Buckley moved there from Connecticut in the early sixties, and located *National Review* there from the very start.

The emergence of conservative populism, beginning with the Goldwater presidential campaign, only strengthened Buckley's bonds with the liberals, since he stood apart from the hard-hats and ward-heelers who were starting to go Republican. When Buckley ran for mayor of New York in 1965, his pose of disdain for the greasy daily life of the politician won him a chorus of praise from writers—in fact it represents the moment when intellectuals began to give him their full trust and affection. Murray Kempton, making it perfectly clear what chord Buckley had struck, wrote after his first press conference, "We have already had candidates for mayor various enough to satisfy every taste except the most refined, and the apparition of William F. Buckley may complete the scale."

It is one of the ironies of Buckley's life that he got a much bigger vote in the 1965 election than anyone (including Buckley) expected, because he turned out to be quite popular among the white, blue-collar voters of the outer boroughs, most of them Catholic. Buckley himself is a devout Catholic who has always taken pains to distance himself from the Irish Catholic ethnic tradition. According to family legend, the first Buckley to emigrate from Ireland was a Protestant ("a contention important not for its religious but its social meaning," Judis says), and William F. Buckley Sr., a rich, self-made indepen-

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dent oilman, raised his children on a secluded estate in Protestant rural Connecticut, in an atmosphere that encouraged a feeling of separation from, and superiority to, the general run of American society. Upwardly mobile urban Catholics may admire Buckley for the classy expression he gives to their concerns, but he doesn't admire them. No less than liberalism, conservatism was torn apart by the class hatreds that began to become obvious in the sixties. Buckley reacted to the raw anger of Brooklyn and Queens by recoiling in horror; he felt an almost physical revulsion for the coarse, mass-appeal standard-bearers of white working-class conservatism, like George Wallace and Spiro Agnew. For its part, the populist New Right came to loathe Buckley for the airy condescension he showed them.

Reagan redux

Judis succumbs somewhat to the temptation to say that Buckley, because of his rift with the New Right, had become irrelevant to conservatism by the time of the Reagan administration. It was more complicated than that. Reagan was able to run as the embodiment of several different kinds of conservatism at once—he appealed to Main Street and Wall Street, Lynchburg and Palm Beach. Like Buckley, he was able to put his less mainstream ideas far into the background when it counted. He certainly struck the populist note, but he did so without seeming to be a gutter politician, as Wallace did. All the encomiums he got early on for having restored "elegance" to the White House are proof that he did not ignore the plummy Buckley side of conservatism either.

The Reagan government, especially at first, was strongly (if indirectly) influenced by Buckley. When Richard Nixon took office in 1969, Washington was still a completely liberal culture in which the administration and its allies were right to feel like aliens. By 1981 this had changed dramatically; Washington was awash in bright, neat, well-educated young people who worked in the middle levels of the administration, on the staffs of conservative members of Congress, and for the dozens of conservative think tanks and publications that had sprung up during the preceding few years. All through the Nixon and Ford administrations, the mood of Republican Washington was one of holding the line against the onward march of liberal ideas. As Reagan took office, it was conservative ideas that seemed to be on the march, not because of the election results so much as because there was now a critical mass of articulate conservatives in Washington. It was these people—the 5,000 middle-level officials, journalists, and policy intellectuals that it takes to run a government—who were deeply influenced in their opinions, their style, and their career choices by Buckley's example. If they hadn't been around, if Reagan had been surrounded instead by either moderate Washington lifers or Ed Meese-style provincial conservatives, surely the major changes of 1981—the defense increase, the tax cut, and the budget cuts—would not have been possible.

Some of these people had been personally groomed by Buckley, and most of the rest saw him as a role model. Had there been no Buckley, there would be no George Will, no *American Spectator*, no *Policy Review*, no National Conservative Political Action Committee, no ringing Reagan speeches written by Tony Dolan. (Reagan himself, though certainly no intellectual, is apparently a faithful reader of *National Review* and a longstanding social friend of Buckley's, not least because Buckley's New York high society side is immensely appealing to Nancy Reagan.) The figure of the elegant, cultivated, slightly sneering, cuttingly witty conservative—the joyful crusader against the drones who guard the political orthodoxy—was invented by Buckley, and it has been endlessly copied.

Whoever Reagan's successor is, he will be spending his first term digging out from under a lot of rubble that Reagan has left for him, most of it created during Reagan's first year in office. Reagan's ceaseless campaigning against any and all tax increases has created a widespread conviction among members of Congress that it is suicidal to cast any vote for new taxes. The clumsy way that Reagan first raised the possibility of reining in Social Security, in May of 1981, has added entitlements to the list of issues that strike abject fear into the hearts of congressmen. Everybody now wants to cut defense—except the armed services, which are guaranteed to be uncooperative in the extreme about all attempts to bring down their budgets. Everybody wants to increase spending on education and job training, but where's the money going to come from? In other words, even in good times the deficit will inevitably dominate the running of the government, and it could turn the next recession into a major disaster. Also, it's now clear that the blue-collar people whose crossover votes gave Reagan his landslides are beginning to feel, with some justice, that they got tricked, so a new Republican president is going to have very soft support.

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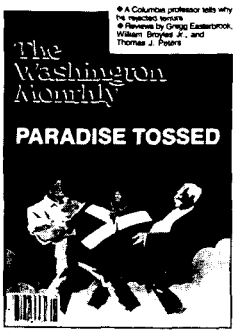

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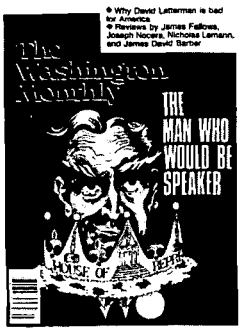

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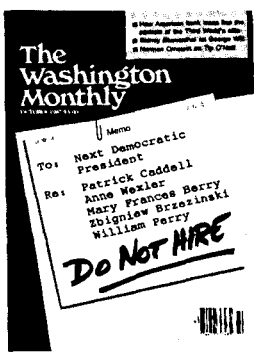

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Reaganism has clearly failed to achieve its dream of creating a smoothly operating conservative mirror image of the New Deal.

Here, too, the influence of Buckley has been central, and unfortunate. Buckley began his career wanting to be, among other things, a philosopher. In 1961, with *National Review* on its feet, he signed a contract to write a serious book of ideas that was supposed to be his lasting achievement. But he never wrote it. One reason, Judis argues convincingly, is that he had trouble forming "a deeper rationale for his own politics," perhaps in part because he was unwilling publicly to work through to its conclusions his natural mistrust of democracy. Another reason is that, ever since the days when he used to dazzle his father at the family dinner table, he has been hopelessly addicted to immediate intellectual gratification. As early as 1951, he dropped a book idea because it would require too much research; today he maintains a schedule (his column, a weekly television show, *National Review*, and 70 lectures and a book a year) that makes the production of work that has lasting value simply impossible. His writing has almost never shown really careful thought, and, since the publication of *Four Reforms* in the early 1970s, it has not addressed in any sustained way the question of what an American government should do.

The attractiveness of Buckley as a role model for young conservatives is inextricably bound up with not thinking things through—with seeming learned rather than actually learning about something, with winning the debate through a sarcastic put-down, basking in the ensuing applause, and then dashing to the airport. This ethic suffused the early Reagan administration, when the conservatives, in raising defense spending and cutting taxes by more than Reagan had promised to in his campaign, seemed motivated mostly by a desire to deliver a humiliating put-down to the liberals. It was governance as a form of scoring. To think before acting, to build an edifice carefully so that it wouldn't have to be torn down only a few years later, would have seemed dull and ponderous, like a return to the kind of conservatism that Buckley taught conservatives to despise.

Buckley himself is never going to become even a little more earnest, because it would somehow chip his veneer. If his legions of offspring continue to echo this choice of the master's, conservatism is never going to be able to run the country. □

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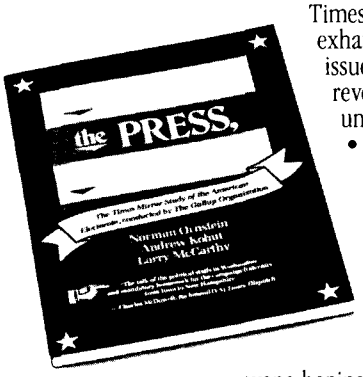

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Buchanan

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he takes his religion into politics he reminds us why separation of church and state is such a good idea.

Most of the book concerns Buchanan's boyhood years in Washington D.C., where he was born in 1938 and grew up as third of nine children in a Catholic family moving steadily toward the upper-middle class. His mother was a German Catholic from Ohio who came to Washington as a young nurse. His father, raised in Washington as a Treasury agent's son, was not Irish but mostly Scotch-Irish—a distinction that Buchanan says explains a lot. The hard-boiled Scotch-Irish, who came from Ulster to the Appalachians, were renowned for behaving exactly the way Buchanan does in print and on TV. (He quotes approvingly Thomas Sowell's description of immigrant-group traits: "The Germans were noted for their order, quietness, friendliness. . .The Scotch-Irish were just the opposite—quick-tempered, hard-drinking. . .constantly involved in feuds among themselves or with the Indians.") When Buchanan was little, his father was starting out as an accountant; by the time the youngest children were in college in the late sixties, the family was very comfortably established and had moved across the District line to Chevy Chase. As they prospered, neither their sense of self as ethnic Catholics nor their faith wavered. "To impress upon us what the loss of the soul through mortal sin meant, my father would light a match, grab our hands, and hold them briefly over the flame, saying: 'See how that feels; now imagine that for all eternity.'"

If you've seen any of the movies or read any of the novels about growing up Catholic in the fifties (for example, *Do Black Patent Leather Shoes Really Reflect Up?*) you've got the comic tone of this book. On one side is Holy Authority: the priest in his parish, Papa with his strap and matchbook at home, the stern nuns drilling students on the Baltimore Catechism, the Jesuit brothers—the "Pope's Marines"—teaching in high school, all surmounted by Pius XII in Rome. On the other side is Randy Youth: boys ripping off their neckties as soon as the Jesuits are out of sight, getting in fights and sneaking out for smokes and ogling the girls, always scheming to beat the rules without getting caught. "In my junior year, someone wrote on a lavatory wall a commonplace obscenity about our math teacher, Mr. Hohman," Buchanan says in setting up a typical scene at Washington's Gonzaga High, the legendary Jesuit-run school that he and all his brothers attended:

> When word got back to the headmaster's office, he broke off from his work, went over to the lavatory, inspected the wall personally—and called an emergency assembly of the entire school. "A disgusting phrase has been written about a Jesuit brother who has given his life to Christ," Father Troy said, his mouth grim, his eyes staring coldly out into the silent auditorium through the wire-rimmed glasses he always wore. He wanted to know who did it, so that the student's immediate expulsion would set an example for the school. No one said a word. The auditorium was like a tomb.
>
> "What would decent people think of Gonzaga," Father Troy asked, "if they knew such things happened here?" He paused for effect. "What would become of Gonzaga's reputation, if the gentleman from Formal Wear, who had just come through the school measuring the juniors for their tuxedos for prom night, had chanced upon this disgusting phrase?" At that, the entire auditorium literally exploded—in laughter. It was not in disrespect of "Billy" Troy but in derision of the lascivious reprobate from Formal Wear, whose ribald comments to every junior being measured for a summer tuxedo were a standing joke throughout the school.

Buchanan tells us, numerous times, that he was an excellent student—first in his class at Gonzaga—but it appears that in other ways he was completely one of the guys. He is strangely evasive about the details of many teenage hijinks and portrays himself as having never thrown the first punch or really been in the wrong; it's as if he's still trying to talk his way out of a jam with the irate headmaster. (The few times that Buchanan tries to say he was wrong about something he practically gags on the words. When lamenting what the Church has lost by abandoning its old traditions for new ones, like the folk mass, he says: "And there are no few pangs of personal regret that when much of this was being thrown out like so much old furniture during the 1960s, some of us, who should have been there, were AWOL at the time." These

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"apologies" are the only mealy-mouthed sentences Buchanan is capable of writing.) But even without the juicy details the overall picture comes through. Buchanan says that his father had to come to jail to bail him out more often than for all his brothers combined. It took him five years to finish college at Georgetown because he was expelled for a year after brawling with a D.C. cop who had the effrontery to pull him over.

Buchanan tells these stories well, and they're especially interesting because they're set in Washington. Except for Al Gore and Don Graham, most people with professional careers in Washington came there as adults and think of it as a place to work, rather than to grow up in or to be "from." But Buchanan gives us a Catholic version of *American Graffiti* set in Tenley Circle, along Western Avenue, in Rock Creek Park. His Washington is just another normal American city, where life revolves around the parish and the neighborhood and the school rather than the self-impressed Most Important City In The World (as Washington's Riggs Bank used to intone in an advertisement that made me punch the TV). His only Inside-The-Beltway scene is a hilarious encounter with then-Vice President Richard Nixon at Burning Tree Country Club, where Buchanan had landed a job as a caddy. "You did not need to be Ben Hogan to see that the Vice President of the United States was uncoordinated," Buchanan says. But Nixon's every spastic swing was greeted with cries of "'Great shot, Dick, a real beauty!' from his toadying partners. 'Your game is really improving, Dick,' [a retired Army general] interjected smoothly at one point, which made me wonder what it had been like a year ago."

A boxer, not a Buckley

Of course, Pat's not just playing for laughs. He says he is offering his life story because understanding his experience is the only way to understand his political beliefs. This is a noble and important concept, but the sort of experience he describes is different from, say, John Kennedy's generation watching Hitler rise, fighting against him in the war, and carrying the hard lessons of Munich and Pearl Harbor with them when they governed. It is different from Paul Tsongas or Christopher Dodd talking about what they learned in the Peace Corps, or John Kerry and James Webb talking about what they learned in Vietnam, or Jimmy Carter talking about what he learned when segregation came to an end. Buchanan is not talking about formative young-adult episodes or conscious acts of inquiry or scholarship. He's talking about a combination of faith and biases: the faith he learned in church and the biases he picked up around the household and, apparently, never had reason to question later on. "Before we come to know," Buchanan says, "we first believe."

"Our conservatism was learned at the dinner table, soaked up in parochial school, picked up on the street corner, and imbibed in a high school where the Jesuits emphasized, first and foremost, the salvation of your immortal soul," he says. "Not until my twenties did I learn to conscript the intellectual arguments of the sages to reinforce the embattled arguments of the heart." Buchanan says that his whole career in political journalism has been an extension of "what I was taught, even before I knew how to think."

The purely religious part of "what I was taught" is mixed up with other, indirectly religious factors—for instance, the class and cultural divide that isolated Catholic life in the fifties. Buchanan's stance as an embattled outsider is largely a fake: like, say, Robert Novak, he's done very well in the Washington political establishment by pretending to be undyingly hostile to it. But also like Novak, his outsiderness has something real at the core. (Rowland Evans could never convincingly play Novak's role on the talk shows, any more than William F. Buckley could play Buchanan's or George Bush could play Spiro Agnew's.) "The Catholic world of the postwar era was not an us-versus-them world," Buchanan says half-convincingly, "but it was us-and-them. We were different, and we considered ourselves different; we were raised apart."

Buchanan and his friends cheered for Notre Dame the way the blacks had cheered for Joe Louis. They played sports at the CYO and in the Catholic League. They went to parochial schools all the way through—and then to college at places like Georgetown, Fordham, and St. John's. "Even though I was first in my class in the premier Catholic school in the city, the Ivy League was never an option," he says. It would have been too expensive for a family with nine children ("and there were no Ivy League recruiters hanging around Gonzaga, no affirmative action scholarships to Harvard and Yale for deserving Catholic boys"). But even if it had been free his parents would never have permitted him to go where he might "lose his faith." Buchanan eventually went to Columbia's journalism school for graduate work, and years later he seethed when he dis-

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Buchanan brings to American politics the same tender reasonableness the Ayatollah brought to Iran.

covered that the Columbia admissions office had crossed out all the theology and moral philosophy grades on his Georgetown transcript, amounting to 40 hours of course work, when computing his "real" grade point average.

If you're any younger than Buchanan, this near-total isolation of Catholic life is impossible to remember and hard to believe. This is so even though there is abundant literary evidence, most recently Philip Roth's memoirs, that until the sixties most white ethnic groups, not just Catholics and Jews, lived in sealed-off societies. Buchanan's book is a useful reminder of why John Kennedy's election was such a big deal for Catholics and the country in 1960—and of how rapidly the whole issue of "dual loyalty" for Catholics in politics (would they answer to the Americans who elected them? or to the Pope?) evaporated after that. The rest of the country quickly crossed this divide, speeded along by Kennedy's assassination, the post-Vatican-II liberalizations in the church (which Buchanan detests), Catholics' rising incomes, and their over-all assimilation. Professionally Buchanan is fully assimilated but emotionally he is not.

I don't mean that he has "dual loyalties" but that he clearly has not forgotten the feeling of being different, of having Columbia condescend to his hard-earned moral philosophy grades. This leads him to rail, like Joe McCarthy, against the decadent establishment—but it also gives him a healthy antisnob edge, in clear contrast to so many other half-British-sounding, smarty-pants young conservatives. (In his book, Buchanan praises the biggest smarty-pants of them all, William F. Buckley, for holding the conservative movement together during the fifties, but there's something fishy about his tone. Except for being a right-winger, Buckley epitomizes everything that Buchanan hates: snobbishness, pretension, sneering down at the average Joe. Never in a million years would Buckley want Buchanan along on one of his trans-Atlantic sailing trips or for a week of skiing at Gstaad. Buchanan's effusive compliments to Buckley have the sound of extra-fervent prayer from one who is embarrassed about having an impure thought—namely, that it would be great if Buckley were a pinko so Buchanan could rip into him for his foppish ways.) As a teen-ager, Buchanan loved to crash fancy parties with a group of tough friends. "I would present myself at the front door, neatly groomed in a coat and tie, introduce myself to the parents, suggesting I was from Landon or St. Alban's, the elite prep schools, or maybe pre-med at Princeton."

Dogma bites man

Still, Buchanan's Catholicism remains with him in a doctrinal rather than merely sociological form. Despite the antics of his youth and his patent sense of betrayal over the changes that Pope John XXIII wrought in the Church, he remains devout. Buchanan's faith is personal and not for me to quarrel with. But I can quarrel with what it does to American politics. The Catholic education that shaped Buchanan teaches people to believe in causes. It gives them the capacity to be true believers and to fight holy wars. It's given America Robert Kennedy and Dorothy Day, Robert Drinan and Cesar Chavez. But it also spawned Gordon Liddy and Joe McCarthy and Oliver North—and Pat Buchanan. Maryknoll missionaries go to Central America to risk their lives in the divinely ordered cause of social justice. Pat Buchanan denounces them for helping godless communism. The direction of these believers' crusades is less predictable than the intensity with which they are often fought. (True, Catholic education has also produced milder-mannered reformers, like Bruce Babbitt and Theodore Hesburgh.) "We were not confused," Buchanan says of himself and other products of the fifties Jesuit education. "We had certitude." That's fine for him, but bad for politics.

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There are two things that can go wrong with the politics of religious certitude. First, it can rely on dogma—not ideas, evidence, experience—to determine what the right policy is. Second, it can excuse bullying, brutal, divisive behavior, as long as it's for a just, holy cause. Buchanan's career and book illustrate both problems.

As for the "what" of American politics—the rights and wrongs of national policy—Buchanan relies unapologetically on faith and "what I was taught, even before I knew how to think." The three or four cases in which his views *have* been shaped by experience or evidence practically leap from the page since they're so atypical. The Buchanan family's pet cat was repeatedly mauled by neighborhood dogs, and dogs harassed Buchanan during his brief teenage career as a mailman. Therefore, he's in favor of strict leash laws, which he would otherwise denounce as another stupid liberal reform. (The next time you hear Buchanan pontificate about respect for law or property recall how, as a mailman, he got revenge on barking dogs: "Another way. . .was to put the mail through the slot, slowly, piece by piece, until the dog was frenetic. Then, having held back the most important piece of correspondence—say, a Social Security check—gently push this letter though the slot and take it back, again and again, while the crazed dog snapped at it and tore it to bits. After this vital piece of family correspondence had been torn and chewed beyond salvaging, push it through the slot—and let the dog explain to the master of the house that night why he had ripped up the family's monthly check." This is funny, but can you imagine how Buchanan would sound if some hulking black teenager had been destroying the U.S. mail?) Watching Muhammed Ali change from a sassy, pretty-faced young man to a pathetic, brain-damaged has-been made Buchanan reconsider his previous CYO Boxing League view that boxing was an ideal way to build a boy's character. He traveled to Japan for the first time for the Tokyo summit in 1986 and was served breakfast by a sweet young waitress in the city's most expensive and American-oriented hotel. This makes him reflect that perhaps the firebombing of Tokyo in May 1945, which killed more people than the first atomic bomb, was unjust. (In fairness, his Jesuits had told him earlier that anticivilian bombing campaigns were wrong.)

That's about it, when it comes to Pat confronting or learning from the wrinkles of the real world. For the rest, he knows what he's always known, whether or not it fits the facts. The Far Eastern economies are beacons of free enterprise and anticommunism, so a trade war with them "would be an act of almost terminal stupidity for the West." Fine, except that all their economies are more government-controlled than the American economy, their national policies are essentially mercantilist rather than capitalist (they build up trade surpluses for their own sake, rather than trying to improve their people's standard of living), and they are anticommunist and anti-Russian for very good reasons of their own. South Korea lives in constant fear of invasion from the north (and, I'm convinced, dreams of the day when it will be strong enough to send soldiers north across the DMZ). Japan is right next to Russia, has fought against it twice, and nurses deep, bitter memories of the Russians declaring war on Japan and seizing its northern islands only *after* the atomic bomb was dropped. A trade war does not make sense in economic terms, and would whip up anti-Americanism, but there's not a chance that it would drive the South Koreans or Japanese to communism. "What is the sense of this endless flow of foreign aid into the Indian subcontinent?" Buchanan asks. "What are we getting for it?" Well, when India *was* getting a lot of money from the U.S., we imagined that it was in a sort of Olympic-medal race with China to prove that a noncommunist country could industrialize faster. Our aid helped make India able to feed its own people—something that seemed impossible 25 years ago, and a moral goal if ever there was one. Now India hardly receives an "endless flow" of money—more than half of all American foreign aid goes to either Israel or Egypt.

Memoir to manifesto

Buchanan's life experience has been strangely narrow: he's been an editorial writer, speechwriter, columnist, and TV personality, always vending opinions rather than developing them from observation. On the evidence of this book, he's never seen any of the rest of the world except on big-shot political trips. These limitations don't bother Buchanan since he's so sure he's known the right answers since he was little. But they leave him with absolutely no sympathy for anybody whose experience isn't exactly like his. His heart goes out to fellow average-Joe Catholics; everybody else should stop whining.

This is most dramatic with American blacks. Though he opposes legalized segregation,

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In background, temperament, and conviction, Oliver North and Buchanan are the same guy.

Buchanan cites conversations he once had with some southerners in arguing that blacks were happy and dignified in the old separate but equal days. Has he talked this idea over with many blacks? Buchanan is keenly aware of the slights he suffered as a Catholic—those transcripts!—but seems half-amused that his family's black maid objected to a doll that "we innocently called 'The Pickaninny.'" He says that today's blacks are as racist as whites, since racism means "obsessive preoccupation" with race and that blacks are obsessed. "In the late 1940s and early 1950s, however, race was never a preoccupation with us; we rarely thought about it." Great point, Pat! When the Columbia admissions officer was growing up, anti-Catholic prejudice was never a preoccupation with him either; he rarely thought about it. The nastiest scene in this book is one Buchanan regards as merely droll: Gonzaga was in a tough black neighborhood, and black hookers worked the street outside. Buchanan opened a window and fired an apple at one of them as she leaned over toward a customer in a car, hitting her square in the rump. She yowled, and the hookers and their boyfriends gathered around and started swearing at the school. But they didn't go inside to complain to the brothers (fat chance)—"they just kept cussing and hollering and making a stink." Buchanan sauntered off, leaving a priest who saw only the crowd of inexplicably (yet typically!) riled-up blacks to mumble, "I will never, never understand these people."

In his final chapters, which switch from memoir to manifesto, Buchanan argues that the U.S. must not simply resist communism, it must be committed to rolling it back in the Russian heartland itself. (The chapter is called "Containment is Not Enough.") "The only way to bring true peace to mankind," he says, "is to eliminate the root cause of this century's struggle: the Communist party of the Soviet Union."

Now, I know why Buchanan believes Soviet communism must be overthrown. In this book he tells me: it's a matter of faith. "The Catholic Church of Pius XI and Pius XII, in which we were raised, never lost sight of the truth that the permanent, irreconcilable, and decisive conflict for the destiny of mankind was between a West, built upon Judeo-Christian values, and the Communist East. . . . Either men are, or they are not, children of God, with immortal souls, destined for eternity and possessed of God-given rights no government can take away. If they are, Communism is rooted in a lie; and every regime built upon that lie is inherently illegitimate. We were taught that, and we believed that then—and we still do."

But suppose I disagree. Suppose what I know about Russian politics and history, leads me to conclude that while the "de-Leninization of the Soviet Union" would be desirable, we can't make it happen. The Russians beat Napoleon, they beat Hitler, and they can out-sacrifice and out-wait us. Suppose, moreover, I have a fatalistic/isolationist view: it's their country, it's a long way from ours, let them run it the way they want, especially since we probably can't change its internal structure anyway.

Furthermore, suppose that *what I have seen* in the Third World, and Buchanan has not, convinces me that the struggle between communism and Christianity is really beside the point in most of these countries. It's absurd to talk about "Judeo-Christian values" being involved in Thailand's victory over its communist guerrillas; there are practically no Christians in the entire country (and even fewer Judeos). The powerful forces of nationalism were against the communists in Thailand, as they'd been on the communists' side against the French and Americans in Vietnam—and the U.S. played its part mainly by getting out of the Thai government's way. In the 1950s, Malaya used the powerful forces of racial hatred to help beat its "communist terrorists." (Most of the communists were Chinese, so the mainly Malay military happily hunted them down.) It's absurd to speak of communism in China as if it were primarily a question of saving souls. If Buchanan can find much difference

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between how the Chinese carry out their traditional ceremonies in communist Guangzhou and in super-capitalist Singapore, he's seen something most other people can't.

Suppose, in short, we disagree about the right policy—toward communism, about taxes and welfare, whatever. In that case, it doesn't impress me very much that Buchanan has "certitude" and still believes what he was taught. And it doesn't impress him that my experience goes counter to his faith. In normal politics we would debate about facts and interpretation, and one of us might persuade the other. But this disagreement isn't about facts. All that's left is Holy War.

"Our political and social quarrels now partake of the savagery of religious wars because, at bottom, *they are religious wars*," Buchanan says, adding the emphasis himself. He seems to think this is inevitable—and as with his childhood fights, the other guy naturally threw the first punch (by removing prayer from schools, say, or legalizing abortion). Therefore he feels no qualms at all about hurling stones in return. This is the second problem with dogmatic politics: it turns people into bullies.

When people disagree with Buchanan in this book, they are "morally confused" or have a "mental disorder" or are "decadent" or "willfully self-deluding." Buchanan's chapter of endorsement for Joe McCarthy ("As We Remember Joe") is really a defense of gut fighting in which ends justify means. "We have a different sense of what is truly morally evil," he says of those who supported McCarthy. "What, after all, is McCarthy's bullying of witnesses compared with Harry Truman's coercive 'repatriation' of two million Russian POWs to the tender mercy of Joseph Stalin in Operation Keelhaul—one of the bloodiest and greatest crimes with which this country has ever been associated?" And what was McCarthy's broad-brush smear approach compared to the cravenness of the American Establishment that watched China go communist and fired MacArthur "for insisting that America seek victory over Asian Communism"?

Operation Keelhaul *was* a disaster, and unlike the communist victory in China the U.S. could have prevented it. (If Buchanan thinks the U.S. could have held off the Chinese communists in a land war in Asia, he's talking about real, *jihad*-style holy wars.) But why should that make McCarthy's tactics right? And what about the damage he did the country by routing a generation of Asia experts in the government who might have spared us Vietnam?

Buchanan doesn't care about McCarthy's tactics because in religious politics, ethics begins and ends with *choosing the right side.* Whatever you do to advance the holy cause is just and right. This was Oliver North's explanation for his secret efforts, and it's no wonder that Buchanan defended him so vehemently—in background, temperament, and conviction, North and Buchanan are the same guy. And once you go where faith has pointed you, you never look back, never give up, never admit you might be wrong. Buchanan was the last bitter-ender on the White House staff to oppose Nixon's resignation. (He says that near the end, "I picked up the phone at the White House to hear my father say, 'Pat why aren't you fighting?' That was the right question. Whether Nixon was wrong was not the relevant issue.") An even longer fight would have been worse for Nixon, worse for the Republicans, much worse for the country—but so what? A tough guy should never back down.

No doubt Buchanan throws gut punches partly because he's always been punching somebody. His father raised him to believe that "fighting was a concomitant of man's existence," and many of his anecdotes conclude with a fist-fight or a run-in with the cops. His father taught him to revere and emulate Westbrook Pegler, with his "venomous wit," "acid pen," and "gift for invective few Americans have ever matched." Buchanan remembers to say, piously, that faith teaches him to "hate the sin but love the sinner," but that's a joke. His famous campaign against homosexuals as America's new plague-bearers lacked even the slightest "sympathize with the sinner" element. I cannot believe that Buchanan would have written this way if one of his brothers or even a good friend from the CYO had been gay and gotten AIDS.

Buchanan sums up the case for Joe McCarthy and, by extension, political Holy War, this way: "Joe's lasting contribution was to have ripped the bandages off the underlying wound in America's body politic: Them or us." He's not talking about communism against Christianity here. He's talking about his fellow Americans, who disagree about the right policy toward Nicaragua or SDI or anything else. *Them or Us*: this is what has given the world Lebanon, Northern Ireland, the Iran-Iraq war. *Them or Us*: more even than communism it accounts for the Third World's troubles, in the form of bitter tribal and religious hatred. *Them or Us*: it's wrong, poison for America. Pat Buchanan's memoirs can make us love the sinner while still hating this sin. □

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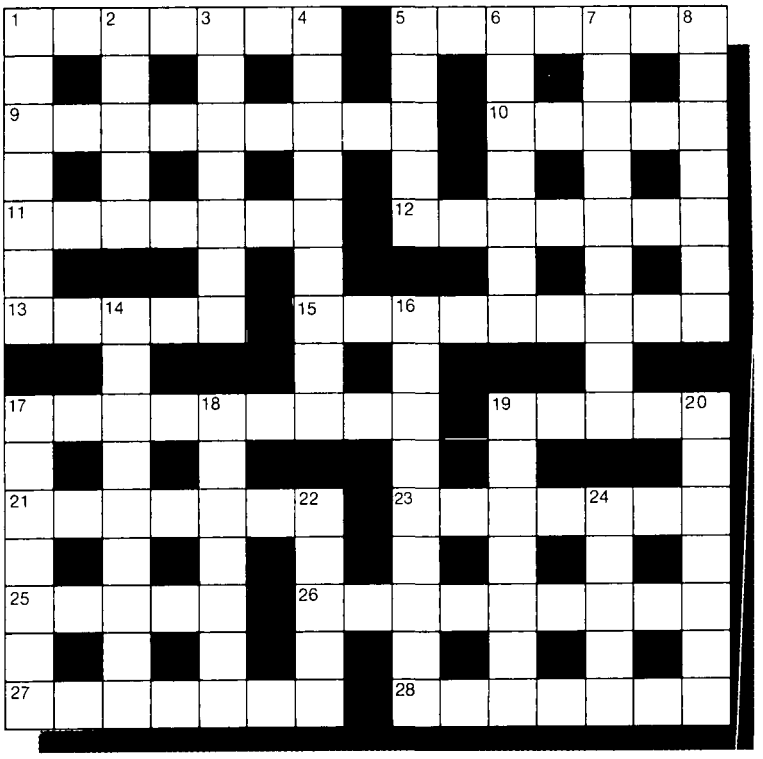
POLITICAL PUZZLE

by John Barclay

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g. (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g. USA, are treated as one word.



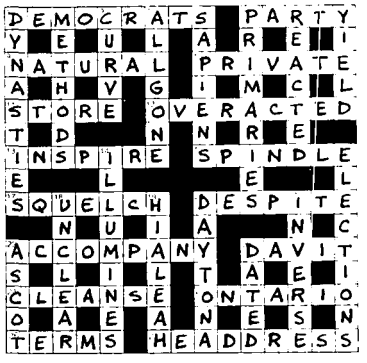
ACROSS

1. Leader you ask kid about. (7)
5. North American jocks rally around this candidate. (7)
9. They are sorry who take ten pets in. (9)
10. Confused Defense Department takes in start of period. (5)
11. Roomy car for the French? (2,5)
12. Actor merchants. (7)
13. Bargins about a sled. (5)
15. Income ads gathered performers. (9)
17. Clearly staffed by Communists? (3,6)
19. Washington or LaGuardia first. (5)
21. Near Eastern type chopped ices around Cambridge school. (7)
23. Friends Ron cast to the winds. (7)
25. Music tones played carefully. (5)
26. Hash minced for bachelor of sorts. (9)
27. Alta tan preserved for convention site. (7)
28. Washington VIP displays reason around start of term. (7)

DOWN

1. Blemished deceased, *in extremis*, swallowed apple. (7)
2. Leader's family measure of acceleration. (5)
3. Awkwardly tease sleek vessels. (7)
4. Bumpy Northeast descent caused loss of freedom. (9)
5. Quips from New York team swalling sulfer. (5)
6. Took good care of 500 after fish went ahead. (7)
7. Sumac prey comes out on top. (9)
8. Active I.D. stuns tanners. (7)
14. Body region is controlled lab domain. (9)
16. Enid's mice playing around useful agents. (9)
17. Unreasonably retoast stone. (7)
18. Workman in a rat's maze. (7)
19. One mint casually is often honorable. (7)
20. Tenant is largely dressier moving around. (7)
22. Two companies in line before a beverage. (5)
24. Pay timer back. (5)

Answers to last month's puzzle:



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POLITICAL BOOKNOTES

Behind the Scenes. Michael K. Deaver. *William Morrow, $17.95.* Last year the movie *No Way Out* told the story of a secretary of defense who murders his mistress and then, through a variety of sinister strategems, covers it up. As usual, Hollywood depicted Washington as more glamorous and conventionally evil than it really is, especially when it comes to sex. However, the plot took an original twist. The defense secretary's special assistant, an obsessive toady, turned out (it was hinted) to be in love with the boss. At last the filmmakers had stumbled onto an insight about Washington's bureaucratic culture: the intimacy between a powerful official and his special assistant is a kind of illicit romance.

Mike Deaver's is the classic Cinderella story. No one paid much attention to this son of a Shell Oil distributor when he was growing up in Bakersfield, California. An early bout with kidney disease meant he could never gain acceptance as an athlete; the only reason his San Jose State fraternity accepted him was that they needed a piano player. After a brief, unhappy stint as an IBM sales rep, Deaver drifted into the world of Republican state politics. There he met a dashing governor named Ronald Reagan.

For the next 20 years, Deaver never departed Reagan's side. When Reagan left Sacramento, Deaver followed him to Los Angeles and set up a public relations firm near Reagan's house. When Reagan left Los Angeles, Deaver followed him to Washington and unpacked his bags beside the Oval Office. When his wife told him his dependence on Ronald Reagan was too great, he would answer: "You don't understand. I'm the only guy who can help this man in this way." And when he finally left the Reagan administration to set up a Washington lobbying firm, he couldn't bring himself to turn in his White House pass. The investigations into Deaver's lobbying and the perjury conviction that followed all resulted from his inability to make a clean break with the Reagan White House. Like Othello, Deaver loved not wisely but too well.

What spawned this romance? Idealism can't be discounted; Deaver seems genuinely to believe in the goodness of Ronald Reagan. But Reagan was also Deaver's Prince Charming, sweeping him off his feet with the promise of a more glamorous life. As Deaver puts it, "My exposure to the Reagans did give me an appreciation for good things, a fine painting, the best piano." Deaver acquired a taste for Heitz Chardonnay. He named his children Amanda and Blair. He went to parties with famous and powerful people like William Styron and Katharine Graham. Jackie Onassis told him he looked like a young Fred Astaire. A photograph in this book of Deaver playing the piano at a state occasion is captioned, "They all laughed. . . including Prince Philip."

Along with these rarefied pleasures came the indignities of unrequited love. After Deaver repeated to Reagan bons mots exchanged between Lillian Hellman and Joe Alsop, the boss slapped him down by reminding him that Hellman "still thinks Joe Stalin is great." And when Deaver boasted to William F. Buckley that he'd just bought a top-of-the-line Busendorfer piano, Buckley told him, "I have two."

Deaver readily concedes he had little interest in the substance of government. Instead, he kept house. He picked out Reagan's clothes and told him not to use Brylcreem. Before a debate with Jimmy Carter, he allowed Reagan one glass of wine to provide "a little color for his cheeks." Most famously, he told Reagan where to stand for the cameras. Like his best friend and alter ego, Nancy Reagan, Deaver helped get Reagan to back off from hard-right positions. But one wonders whether the evenings with the Buckleys and the Reagans compensated for the damage to Deaver's sense of self. Deaver identified so thoroughly with the boss that when Reagan got mad and threw his keys at him, hitting him

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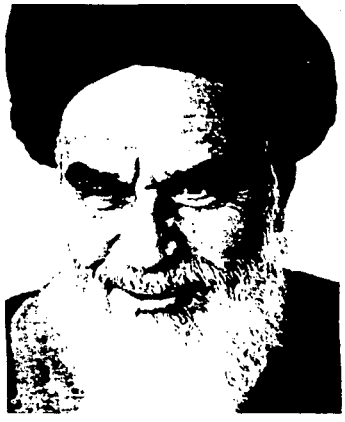

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in the chest, all Deaver could think was, "The governor had a good arm and I admired him for it."

Respectable Washington has criticized Deaver's trading White House influence for money. Most of these critics are less offended by the morality of peddling influence than by the garish way Deaver cashed in—for example, posing, car phone in hand, for a *Time* magazine cover headlined, "Who Is This Man Calling?" Deaver does seem more dense about ethics than most Washington influence-peddlers, and he lied to federal investigators about his lobbying. But reading Deaver's memoir, you can't help feeling sorry for him. He looked around and saw a corrupt but socially sanctioned way to cash in on his years of sacrifice. He was just a bit greedier than most. At the end of his long romance with Ronald Reagan, Deaver had only a dim sense of what he believed in and a dimmer sense of who he was. Getting rich was the only way he knew to get it back.

—*Timothy Noah*

The Drowned and the Saved. Primo Levi. *Summit, $17.95.* Judeo-Christian culture takes comfort in believing that men who suffer unjustly, enduring privation and physical torture, can retain their moral fortitude and even draw strength from it. Primo Levi, a survivor of Auschwitz, shows how this notion stopped at the door of the Nazi death camps. History may portray the prisoners as martyrs, but Levi believes they were far from innocent. Rather than sanctifying its victims, Levi writes, Nazism degraded them.

To survive, one had to live as an animal in a state of nature. Constant theft forced the prisoners to cling to their meager possessions at all times. Unselfish prisoners, those who assumed the burdens of the weak or shared their rations with the starving, were among the first to die. "Men died not despite their valor but because of it," Levi writes. The shame Levi felt from his failure to maintain solidarity with other Jews grew more acute after his liberation from Auschwitz. His postwar experience, like that of other survivors, refutes the myth that liberation brings "quiet after the storm."

Levi leaves no doubt that he finds the Nazis guilty for their crimes. He is less certain about Jews who collaborated with the Nazis. The collaborators ranged from the low-ranking functionaries to the "Kapos," the chiefs of the labor squads who beat the prisoners and participated in their selections for the gas chambers. Levi maintains that the need to survive—for collaboration was the prisoner's only hope—makes it difficult to judge guilt or innocence by conventional standards.

The lost morality of Auschwitz prevented Levi from believing in any form of divine providence. A secular Jew, he is proud to have overcome the impulse to pray for divine intervention on the threshold of the gas chamber. The shattering of this faith by the senseless violence of National Socialism is the theme of the book.

Levi speaks frequently about the incidence of suicide among the survivors following their liberation. He tells the story of Jean Amery, a respected French intellectual before the war whose life after liberation was a continual battle against humiliation and depression. "Anyone who has been tortured remains tortured...," Amery says. "Faith in humanity...is never acquired again." He committed suicide in 1978.

The reference to Amery is haunting, for Levi threw himself into the well of the four-story spiral staircase in his apartment building last April. One cannot know the exact reason for his apparent suicide, but the death is a tragic if logical conclusion to his life. A chemist by profession, Levi worked for 30 years in a paint factory, writing mostly on weekends. He wrote out of an absolute need to tell about Auschwitz, and his lucid and unpretentious prose reflects the simple drive of the storyteller. Yet Levi's story, one of shame and anguish, offered no chance of full recovery.

—*Charles Montgomery*

Separate Pasts

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Invisible Frontiers: The Race to Synthesize a Human Gene. Stephen S. Hall. *Atlantic Monthly Press, $19.95.* Every year authorities make predictions that turn out to be wrong, forecasting shortages of some commodity—oil, hospital beds, American-born field goal kickers—that correct themselves. People forget about the prediction, the experts move on to some new crisis, and nothing much comes of it.

In one instance, however, there were lasting and remarkable consequences from a mistaken forecast made by a consensus of experts in the mid-1970s: the world's diabetic population, they said, would soon face a shortage of insulin. The prediction was so dramatic it spawned an entire industry—biotechnology. Today, biotech companies employ thousands of people for work that has nothing to do with insulin—making drugs for heart attack victims and growth hormones and performing AIDS research. Early investors in these businesses have become rich and biotech has replaced computers as the glamour industry of Wall Street. This all came about because the experts were wrong about insulin.

Stephen Hall, a freelance science writer, describes in this fine book how a few mistakes, a lot of fear, and plenty of capital produced America's gene-splicing industry. He begins with the pancreases of slaughtered cows and pigs from which insulin is produced. With Americans in the 1970s consuming less red meat, the supply of carcasses appeared to be diminishing, just as an aging U.S. population was beginning to produce more insulin-dependent diabetics. The perceived shortage triggered a race to mass-produce human insulin by synthesizing a human insulin gene.

The bureaucratic mishap that started the race probably stemmed from an official who prepared projections for the Food and Drug Administration, who based his data on a mistake in an Eli Lilly training brochure that confused kilograms with pounds. "The whole thing was rubbish. There never was a shortage of pig pancreases, and there never will be," a pharmaceutical executive tells Hall. The synthesized insulin, it turned out, had neither economic nor significant medical advantages over the pig variety.

Nevertheless, the insulin scare attracted a formidable array of scientific talent. They were drawn by the chance to do what they called "Big Guy Science"—to tackle the handful of problems whose solutions held promise of a Nobel Prize. A few of them were also drawn by the opportunities it held for making them rich. The race became bicoastal. In San Francisco, a University of California scientist named

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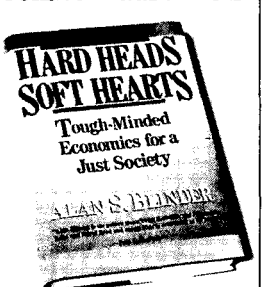

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Herbert Boyer teamed up with a 28-year-old venture capitalist, Robert Swanson, who had become fascinated by DNA after reading *The Double Helix*, James Watson's account of research that led to his discovery, with Francis Crick, of the structure of DNA in 1953. Boyer and Swanson each put up $500 to start a company that they considered calling Herb-Bob before settling on Genetech. They competed against a team of scientists at the University of California, and a Harvard team led by Walter Gilbert, a former physicist who switched to molecular chemistry at the urging of Watson himself. The rivalry between the three teams soon became the dominating influence on their work. The competition led to some superhuman efforts and one case of suspected laboratory sabotage.

The press, meanwhile, fell in love with the biotech story. Hall credits the Genetech team, eventual winners of the race, with adroit use of press coverage to keep the company's anxious investors on board. After Genetech holds a press conference to announce synthesis of the insulin gene, the story is front-page news everywhere. "Hardly anyone in the press, however, bothered to ask a rather fundamental question," Hall writes. "Did Genetech's insulin actually work? Among all the reporters who described the work, only a handful of publications—among them *Nature*, *Medical World News*, and the *Los Angeles Times*—raised this important point. And the answer was: they didn't know." Still, their technological breakthroughs found ready application in the burgeoning gene-splicing industry.

Hall occasionally lapses into purple prose in his descriptions of the scientists, and his scene-switching among the three teams sometimes leave the reader bewildered. But his story of the collision of "Big Guy Science," big business, and public policy makes a worthy companion piece to *The Double Helix*. The haphazard nature of how scientific progress is made in America is summed up when Walter Gilbert wins the 1980 Nobel Prize for Chemistry. He finds out from a reporter who calls looking for a quote; the official notification from Stockholm gets lost in transit and doesn't arrive until weeks later.

—David Graulich

The Soviet Study of International Relations. Allen Lynch. *Cambridge University Press, $34.50.* Like Honda, Marx and Lenin made it simple: in the competition to sell their goods abroad, the capitalist nations would eventually go to war and destroy each other, and the workers of the world would rise up and unite in a glorious socialist brotherhood.

Bound by the straitjacket of dogma, Soviet analyses of international relations have not usually been taken seriously by western scholars. With the death of Stalin, it became somewhat less dangerous to life and limb for Soviet social scientists to look around and write about how the world had changed since Marx and Lenin. They couldn't, of course, repudiate the teachings of the gods upon which the communist state was founded. So they cloaked—and were allowed to cloak—their heresies under the new science of "creative Leninism."

Allen Lynch, a fellow of the Institute for East-West Security Studies, assesses the mixed success of the newer approach.

Several developments have made it necessary for Soviet leaders to accept what their social scientists have been hinting at for some time:

►In the nuclear age, the capitalist countries are not going to war with each other, and if they did, it would be hazardous to the health of any socialist onlookers; therefore, the idea of the inevitable triumph of socialism as a result of the "imperialists" self-destructing is nonsense.

►The capitalist countries are not doomed by internal contradictions and, in fact, will be around for a long time—perhaps centuries.

►In spite of Lenin's view that in a socialist order peace would prevail, the greatest threat to the security of the Soviet Union may turn out to be not the United States but its socialist neighbor—and Russia's

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historical enemy—China.

They see the United States as the fulcrum of both the Japan-U.S.-Europe economic powerhouse and, of the China-U.S.-Soviet strategic teeter-totter. (They also see the irony of the U.S., because of the loss in Vietnam, redressing the balance by developing its rapport with China.) And even in the Third World, Soviet influence has brought questionable results, with an increasing awareness in Third World countries of the limitations of the Soviet model. The superpower relationship remains at the core of world politics, but it is greatly modified by the polycentrism that has emerged. All in all, it's a globe on which there is no easy way for the Soviets to extend their influence.

But while Soviet social scientists are somewhat freer to look at relations with the capitalist nations, relations among the socialist nations are still corsetted. Before Gorbachev, Soviet officialdom found it difficult to entertain any notion about diverging trends within the Soviet alliance and was particularly resistant to the idea that nationalism plays any role within the East bloc. Privately, Soviet social scientists conceded that all was not beer and skittles within the bloc. But in their journals they droned on about "nonantagonistic contradictions"—which is how the dispute with the Chinese Communist Party was politely described.

And so, dogma continues to cloud thought. Scholars have noted that what has been absent from the history of Marxist thought is a credible portrayal of the power of nationalism among all classes. To which Lynch adds: "As long as Soviet analysis...refuses to take nationalism seriously, it must be considered fundamentally flawed." That assessment would appear to be a model of restraint.

Lynch's study ends just as the Gorbachev era gets underway, but in recent months it has become obvious that the Soviet foreign policy apparatus is undergoing a major overhaul. Since the start of Gorbachev's reign, upwards of 75 ambassadors have been replaced, presumably by counterparts more attuned to fresher winds. Gorbachev has repeatedly called for Soviet academics and scientists to join in foreign policy deliberations—which one would hope is an invitation to them to put reality above orthodoxy. It remains to be seen whether glasnost will mean that Soviet social scientists will earn some respect in the West as well.

—Leonard Reed

Washington Goes to War. David Brinkley. *Knopf, $18.95.* This is the story of a slow southern town that "grew almost overnight into a crowded, harried, almost frantic metropolis struggling desperately to assume the mantle of global power." Its author is the David Brinkley we have all come to know for his Sunday morning television show and, before that, as one-half of the most famous news team in broadcasting history. You can almost hear him talking as he writes this reminiscence and reflection. He sees the interesting, the remarkable, the ironic, the outrageous, the decent, the nasty—and the humor of it all.

He evokes the snobbish, self-satisfied, and segregated town that Washington was, despite the arrival of such New Deal mavericks as Leon Henderson, the brilliant price administrator, who was dimly regarded both by the social establishment and by Congress.

He takes us through the years of denial—the total unwillingness to get involved in a European war—to the political fight over neutrality. He recalls the frightening unpreparedness and, indeed, unwillingness of industry and even the armed forces to get ready for war.

He recreates the frenetic chaos of people piled on people—living anywhere and everywhere and commuting from as far away as Philadelphia—and contrasts that with people sitting on their hands with nothing to do because planning was so poor.

He paints a mesmerizing portrait of Franklin Roosevelt as he maneuvered to help the Allies, invented Lend Lease, and yet refused to put an individual in charge and tried to resolve hopeless problems by layering one unworkable organization on top of another.

He captures the electricity of the outbreak of war. The armed forces seized anything they wanted—including Mount Vernon College while the girls were home for Christmas. The manager of the new Statler Hotel avoided their grasp by never announcing its opening and filling its rooms with important guests who couldn't be moved.

Brinkley drops in stunning stories along the way. My favorite is the one of Amy Thorpe, a 1929 debutante who was recruited by the British as a spy. She extracted from the Poles the drawings, documents, and other information that helped the British steal a code machine and read the German code for the rest of the war. This latter-day Mata Hari also stole the Vichy French navy's code, handing it out a window of the French embassy to be copied. It greatly eased our North Africa landings.

Besides Miss Thorpe, the only other woman in this male chauvinistic world who was not a hostess, wife, or maid was the brilliant, erratic, tyrannical and Roosevelt-hating Cissy Patterson, owner of the *Washington Times Herald*. She is treated at great length, and deservedly so. Brinkley's criteria for what to serve up are ruthless. Only the interesting and the readable make his cut. He doesn't feel he has to tell you everything. *Washington Goes to War* has a point of view; it selects certain events and certain people. And yet it is—as Brinkley typically is—absolutely and completely impersonal. He never appears or intrudes between reader and story. You sort of wonder where *he* was and what *he* was doing.

Of course, all of us who were in Washington during this time will have some aspect of the story that we wish Brinkley had devoted more attention to. But that doesn't mean that his book isn't a wonderful read for those of us who lived through it. It should be even better for those who are too young to remember.

—Katharine Graham

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